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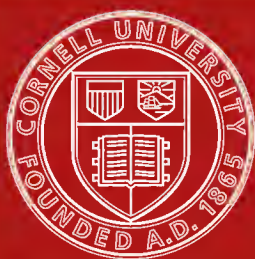


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Brother Albrecht's Secret Chamber

**A Legend of the Ancient Moravian Sun Inn
of Bethlehem, Pennsylvania**

**with Historical Notes Concerning Persons and Events during
Colonial and Revolutionary Days**

**BY
JAMES B. LAUX**

**LITITZ, PENNA.
1914**

Presented to Prof. Oscar Kuhns

with the kindest regards of the author

James E. _____

New York Nov 27, 17



JOHN PENN
Colonial Governor of Pa

A highly stylized, cursive handwritten signature of John Penn. The signature is written in dark ink and features elaborate flourishes, including a large loop at the end and a series of smaller loops and curves throughout the name.

Brother Albrecht's Secret Chamber

A Legend of the Ancient Moravian Sun Inn
of Bethlehem, Pennsylvania

BY

JAMES B. LAUX

Member of The Historical Society of Pennsylvania ; New York State Historical Association ;
American Historical Association ; Society of American Authors ;
National Geographic Society, etc.

Kommt, Brüder, trinket froh mit mir.
Seht wie die Becher schäumen!
Bei Vollen Glässern wollen wir
Ein Stündchen hier verträumen!
Das Auge flammt, die Wange glüht,
In kühnen Tönen rauscht das Lied,
Schon winkt der Götterwein!
Schenkt ein! Schenkt ein!
Schon winkt der Götterwein!
Schenkt ein!

Altes Trink Lied.



LITITZ, PENNA.

1914

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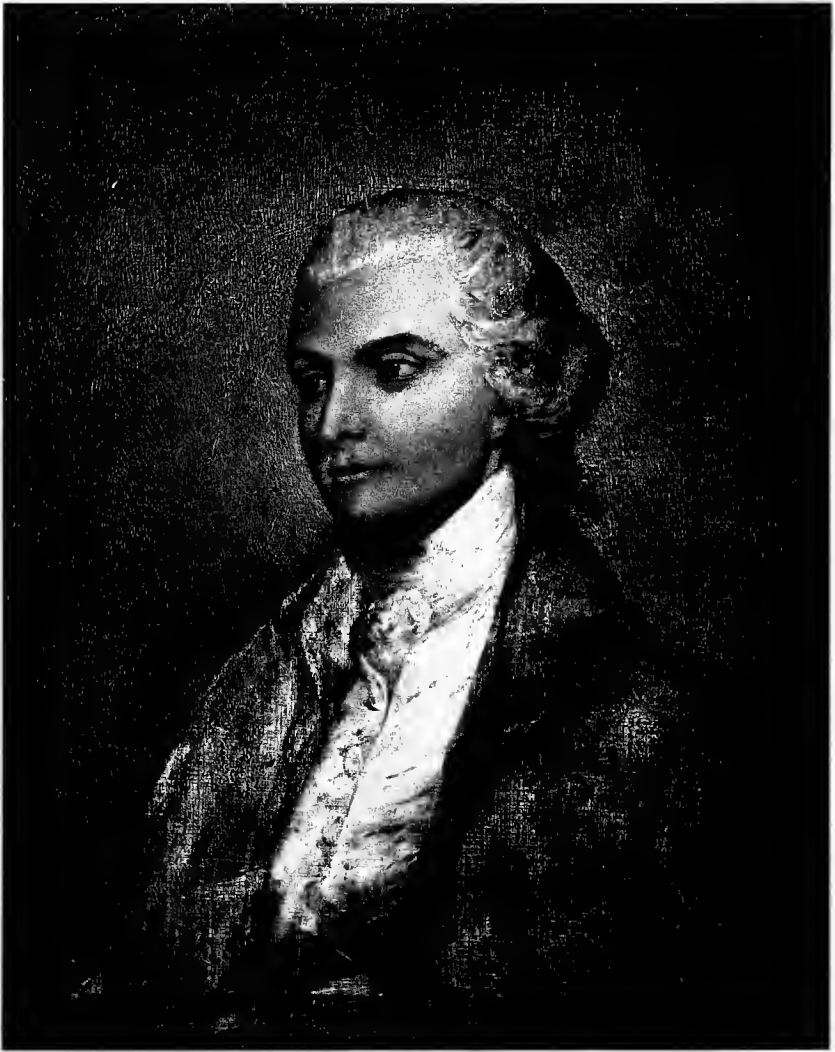
VON WATTEVILLE

(WATWYL)

BROTHER ALBRECHT'S SECRET CHAMBER



VON SCHWEINITZ



John Brown

"Hail, Lehigh, to whose woody shores
 Monockesy his treasures pours,
 Thro' fertile meadows bro't;
 For when he writes the groves and streams
 Most fill the poet's airy dreams
 And most inspire his thoughts.
 Else, Bethlehem, had I pictured thee
 (Surrounding culture raised to see)
 My muse's earliest care;
 Or told the customs and the rites
 Each brother boasts (as she indites)
 Or each religion's fair.
 From German fields the people came
 O'er stormy seas, with pious aim,
 Nor deemed the risk too much.
 Irish in troops the same have done,
 By bondage short their welfare won,
 Scotch, English, French and Dutch."

JOHN PENN.



ZINZENDORF

"Time sped his wing.

And on the Lehigh's solitary banks
 The Missionary stood. O'er that smooth tide
 The pensive moon wrote out in pencil'd rays,
 The same deep language, which his boyhood read
 Upon the billowy Rhine. Mild evening's breeze,
 Stirring the interlacing of the elms,
 And the slight reeds that fring'd the river's brink,
 Pour'd the same soul-dissolving sigh, that swept
 His own Lusatian forests.

Serene he mused, * * * now toiled

* * * * * * *

As a colonial sire, and thoughtful plann'd
 'Mid shelter'd vallies and aspiring hills,
 Fit refuge for his brethren. Hence arose
 Fair Bethlehem, with all its pure retreats
 And peaceful hearths; and still its classic dome,
 Where Education with the plastic mind
 Of childhood, mingleth holiest elements,
 Doth venerate his name."

LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

INTRODUCTORY NOTE

BROTHER ALBRECHT'S SECRET CHAMBER

The writer in the following pages, has endeavored to give definite form, life and color to an ancient tradition concerning the famous old Moravian Sun Inn, that has drifted down the stream of time since the perilous days of Indian wars, and the years of stress in the Revolutionary period; a building in which were enacted many thrilling and impressive events full of moment to the young American Republic.

The stranger who seeks the shelter of its massive walls soon comes into a knowledge of the old abandoned subterranean passageway that leads from the great crypt in the basement to some long forgotten outlet. Many a fine theory has been spun to account for its existence in the cool pleasant atmosphere of the vault by the visitor as he contemplates the narrow entrance from one of the comfortable inviting corners on a hot summer day or evening, but like the bouquet of the fragrant wine he is sipping it lingers only as a pleasant intangible fancy which soon passes away.

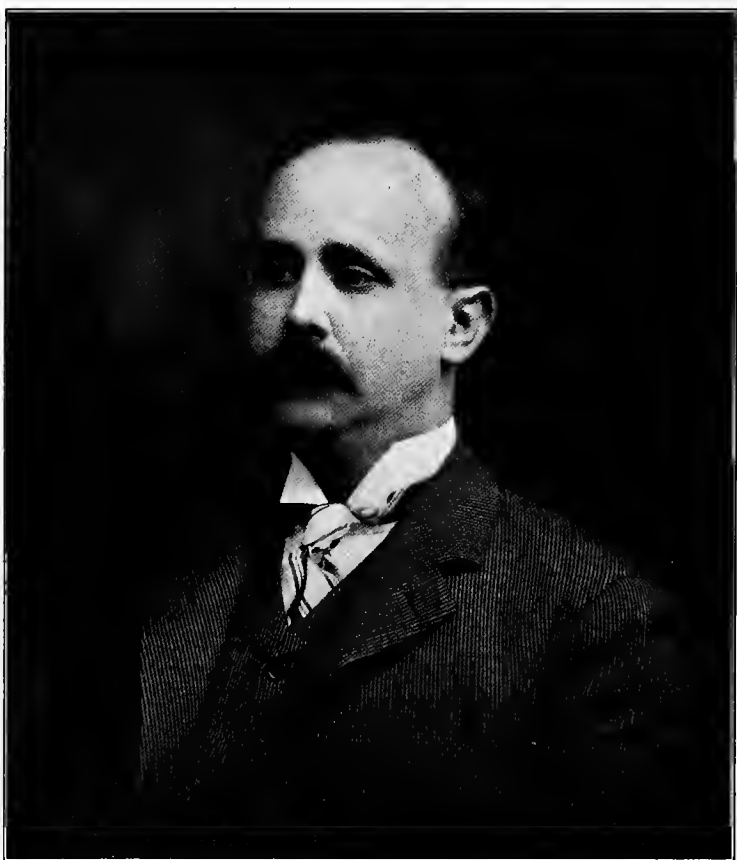
The writer has accepted the legend of a secret tunnel as an actual fact, and evolved, with perhaps indifferent success, a not impossible historic background for it, using the license freely granted to romancers. The characters that play their part in it are, with possibly two

exceptions, actual personages who were at one time guests of the Inn, and closely associated with its fortunes; characters who would have given the greatest fame and distinction to any of the great historic old-world buildings had they been as here, actors in the mighty drama of a new-born nation.

An inn that can number among its honored guests such men as Washington, Franklin, Lafayette, Greene, Steuben, Hancock, Pulaski, and a host of others of like undying fame, enjoys a distinction unique, unrivalled in the annals of American taverns, and is worthy of all the art that may be bestowed upon the telling of its history by any of the great masters of romance.

The ample foot-notes, the writer trusts may prove interesting as historic gleanings to the reader, throwing light as they do on the epoch and region in which the story is laid.

The writer also asks for the gentle, considerate judgment of the reader, and, moreover, apologizes to the genial landlord of the Sun Inn for the liberties he has taken with him during the explorations of the secret tunnel. The situations he created for him were essential to the proper movement and logical ending of the legend for without his presence and adventures the story could not have been told as it is given.



JOHN C. MORGAN

Brother Albrecht's Secret Chamber

CHAPTER I

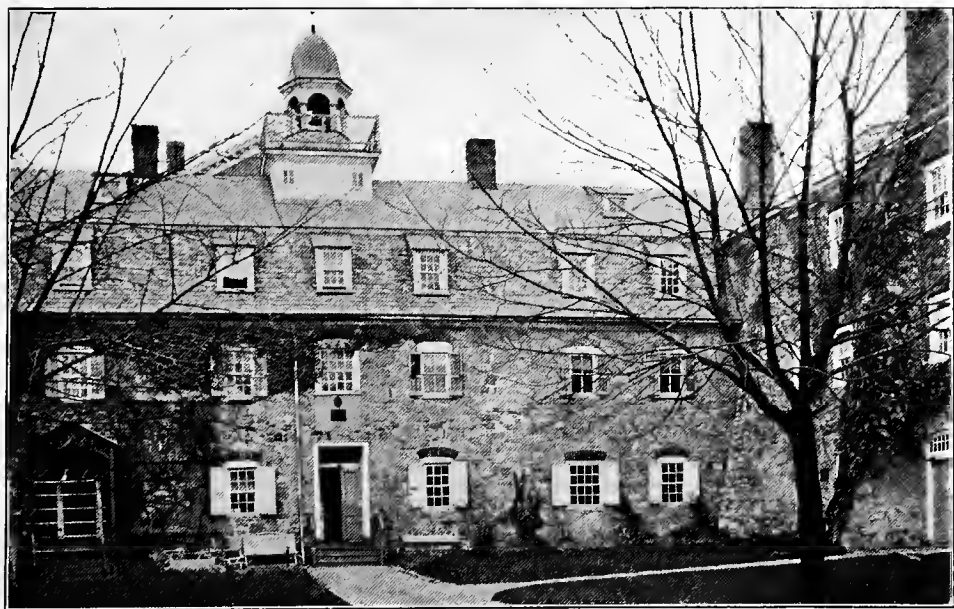


“DÖNNER wetter!” exclaimed the astonished landlord, Colonel John Clarence Morgan. The occasion of this sudden outburst of profanity, for which there was ample reason, and for which transgression we feel sure the reader will grant him absolution is given later on.

Mine host, Colonel Morgan, landlord of the ancient “Sun Inn”, most famous of American taverns, located in the beautiful old Moravian town of Bethlehem on the Lehigh, is a happy compound of the traditional boniface, antiquarian and politician, for besides dispensing the hospitality of the historic hostelry to wandering wayfarers he occupies the dignified position of a

city father in the making of laws for the governance of his fellow citizens. He is, moreover, a handsome, vigorous amalgam of pioneer Welsh blood, as his patronymic indicates, with the proverbial Welsh pedigree reaching back to the siege of Troy or thereabouts, and good old German stock from the Valley of the Rhine, where his maternal ancestors came from nearly two hundred years ago; a blend of Celt and Teuton that is producing one of the finest types of the American race today.

Colonel Morgan could not well help becoming an antiquarian and local historian of Colonial and Revolutionary days, even were he not endowed with a natural love of things reminiscent of the olden time. The whilom guest of the old Moravian Inn, how-

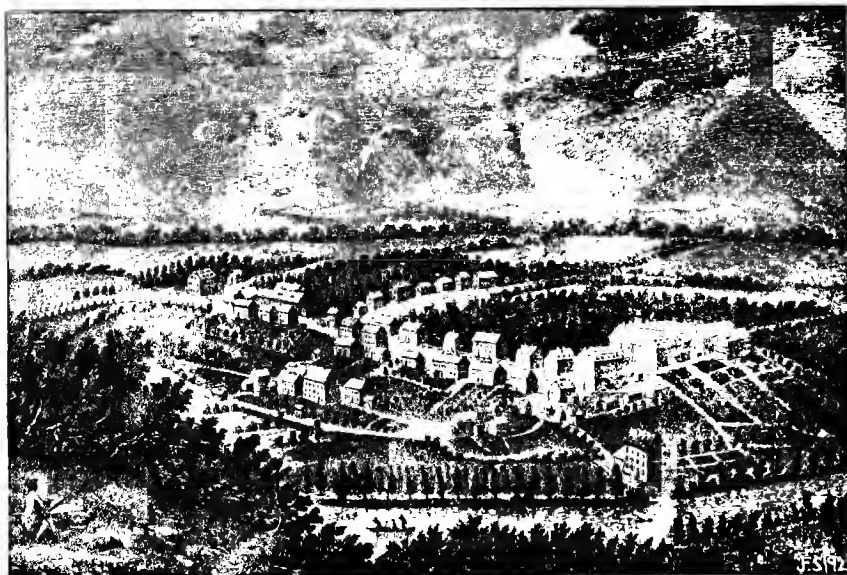


HAVENS OF TRANQUILLITY

ever brief his stay, inevitably succumbs to the spell that permeates every nook and cranny of the great stone building—"en feste burg," as well as an inn. He cannot help drink in the atmosphere of romance that envelops the ancient streets and the quiet sequestered spaces, veritable havens of tranquillity, with their gray stone communal buildings, erected by pious hands long since folded in eternal rest, hands that truly "wrought in

formed striking contrasts with the prevailing types that obtained in the English settlements during Colonial days.

How complete must be, therefore, the surrender to the influences of the place, of a sympathetic landlord in constant association with the eloquent reminders of the stirring days in which the mighty foundations of the inn were laid, and its roof-tree raised in the dark shadows of the unbroken



BETHLEHEM IN 1784

a sad sincerity", in their earnest endeavor to realize the noble ideals of their consecrated lives. The stranger never fails to be impressed with the quaintness and picturesque quality of the architecture of these old buildings and the air of mediæval days that clings to their ivy-clad walls. They were reproductions from the Brethren's old Germanic homes, and

wilderness; through whose wide halls and spacious chambers swept a splendid pageantry of illustrious men and women of many races: builders of Commonwealths and founders of a puissant Nation; patriots and foemen, conquerors and captives; the dusky Sachems of a race already touched with the virus of decay; the gentle but forceful members of the *Unitas Fratrum*²—the devoted Brotherhood, who, in the New World, rescued from destruction an ancient Apostolic Church by planting it anew in freedom's blessed

¹"When the Inn was built the immense stone basements were constructed as the casements of a fortress and an inspection fully satisfies one, that they were complete protection against the best artillery of that day. There were port holes for the guns and tradition tells us of secret outlets and grated dungeons."—*The Old Moravian Inn, by Rev. William C. Reichel*, p. 44.

²See *Bishop Levering's History of Bethlehem*, pp. 26-81.

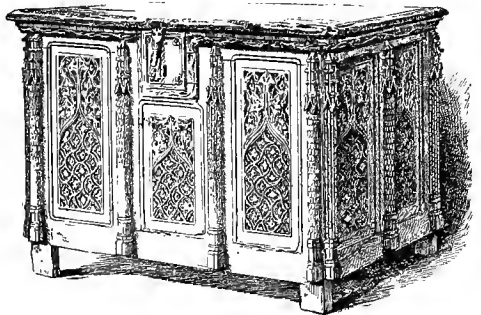
soil; the proud, brave yeomanry that were transforming vast areas of wilderness into the happy abodes of men, far from the wretched German lands that gave them and their forefathers birth; forever quit of the tyranny and injustice of petty princelings, the despotic rulers of the fragments of a shattered empire³; secure from the famine and pestilence that followed in the wake of the wars of foreign despots⁴, drunk with the lust of power; forever quit of the horrors of religious wars⁵ and their fearful aftermath.

³The integrity of the German Empire was destroyed before the close of the "Thirty Years' War" and thereafter existed only as a loose confederation. "At the breaking out of the French Revolution there were 300 free imperial princes and counts and several thousand immediate barons * * who exercised almost absolute authority on their petty estates, lording it over their little patches of lands and handfarms of farmers."—*Baring-Gould's Germany, Present and Past*, pp. 21-2.

⁴ "Unfortunately for the peace of the whole continent the aggressions of Louis XIV in the West which definitely began in 1672 coincided with the attempts of the Turks to dominate Eastern Europe. In 1670 Louis had been resolved to win eventually the Imperial Crown, to secure part of the Spanish possessions and to conquer the United Netherlands."—He also invaded the Palatinate and added Alsace to his dominions, but since reconquered by Germany in the Franco-Prussian War of 1870. "Wishing to concentrate his chief efforts upon Roussillon, Italy and the Lower Rhine, Louis decided to evacuate the Palatinate; and by the advice of Louvois, orders were given in December 1688 to devastate the country. The Rhine district was in great measure ruined." See *The Age of Louis XIV* by Prof. A. J. Grant in the *Cambridge Modern History*, pp. 41, 58.

⁵"But the political losses and gains which the Peace of Westphalia entailed upon the Empire and its Princes sink alike into insignificance, and even the undeniable advance towards religious freedom marked by the adoption in that Peace of the principle of equality between the recognized religious confessions is obscured, when we turn to consider the general effects of the war now ended upon Germany and the German nation. These effects, either material or moral cannot be more than faintly indicated: but together they furnish perhaps the most appalling demonstration of the consequences of war to be found in history. The mighty impulses which the great movements of the Renaissance and the Reformation had imparted to the aspirations and efforts of contemporary German life, were quenched in the century of religious conflict which ended with the exhausting struggle of the Thirty Years' War; the main spring of the national life was broken, and to all seeming broken forever."—"It was a religious war in which even the most bigminded of those who took part in it could not so much as pretend to be guided solely by the inspiration of religious enthusiasm, while the deadliest promptings of religious hatred were designedly fostered and the whole savagery of religious fanaticism was deliberately let loose upon its prey." * * "During the concluding years of the War no other German land underwent more terrible sufferings than Bavaria, where especially in its eastern part—famine and desolation stalked unchecked. Franconia and Swabia, too, were made desolate by the ravages of war, famine and disease."—*The Thirty Years' War*. Prof. A.

Not so long ago, while burrowing among the discarded accumulations of bygone generations stored in a long forgotten limbo, accidentally discovered in an unfrequented part of the inn, our landlord found an old oak chest bearing the Zinzendorf armorials, beautifully carved in the ancient Gothic manner, a fine example of the Mediaeval wood-carvers' art, which once adorned the great hall of the ancestral *Schloss* of Count Zinzendorf, at Bertholdsdorf, in Saxony, a fact disclosed from the perusal of family papers found therein. It was brought to America, with other precious heirlooms to furnish the stone manor house,



ZINZENDORF OAK CHEST

erected for the Count, at Nazareth, in 1755-6, now known as Nazareth Hall, the famous Moravian Military School for boys. It was a great discovery, and was the beginning of a long series of thrilling adventures in which Colonel Morgan was destined to play a most important part.

The chest was filled with relics of the olden time; quaint garments, vestments, portraits, silver cups and a tea service, the handiwork of Cellini; also a splendid collection of ancient, illuminated manuscripts such as Missals, Gospels, Books of Hours, Latin and Greek classics, the splendid productions of the Monastic *Scriptoriums*, and rare *Incunabula* from the presses of the first printers, a collection the sight of which would have tempted a Mazarin or a Brunet, to break

W. Ward's Chapter on *The Peace of Westphalia*, *Cambridge Modern History*, pp. 417, 33. See also *Gindely's Thirty Years' War*.



BOOK OF PRAYERS IN FIFTEENTH CENTURY
BINDING

or even pawn the Decalogue if necessary to obtain possession of it; or rob of sleep our own Pennypacker had he but suspected its existence. The sight of it would have been enough to wreck a saint's vow of poverty had he been a Bibliophile as well and the desire for possession strong upon him. Here was a copy of the *Biblia Pauperum*, the famous block letter book, not a leaf missing; the *Psalter* of Faust and Schöffer, printed at Mentz in 1457, one of the first dated books in existence; a wonderfully well preserved copy of the *Bamberg Bible* of Pfister, long thought to be the first printed book, older than the famous *Mazarin Bible*; a unique copy of *Virgil* from the press of *Aldus*, 1501, the first book ever printed in Italics; a priceless copy of *Theocritus* in the original Greek from the same hands; the Naples edition of *Horace* of 1474 called by Dibdin, the "rarest classical volume in the world." Here, too, cheek by jowl, was a copy of the first edition of *Lucretius* of which only two copies had hitherto been known to have been in existence; also a superb copy of *Virgil* 1636, from the press of the *Elzevirs*; a

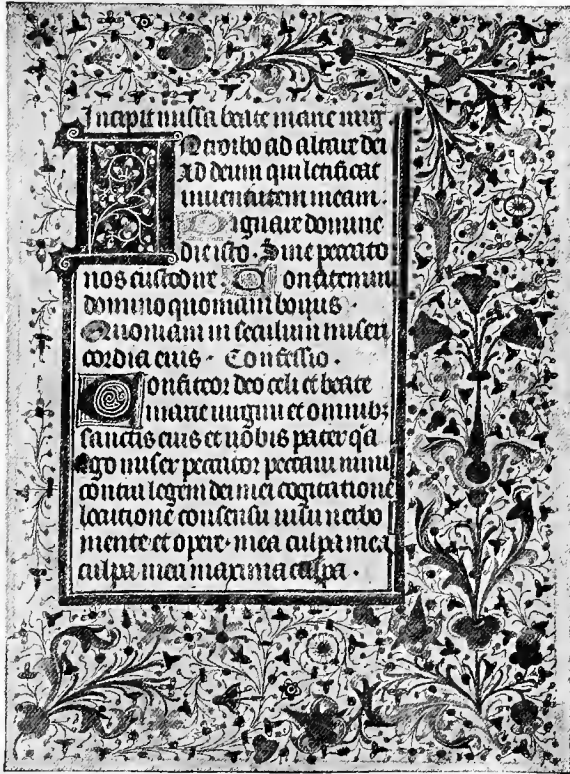
miniature copy of Clement Marot's metrical version of *Les Psaumes de David*, a precious possession of the Huguenots of France in the days of persecution before and after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. Here were also beautiful editions of the classics from the *Estienne* press of Paris, and a remarkable copy of the celebrated Bohemian Bible of *Kralitz*.

All this treasure bore ample testimony to the rare scholastic taste and artistic nature of Count Zinzendorf, who took such pains to have these precious outputs of the ancient monasteries and primitive presses brought, as he fondly imagined, to his new home in the American wilds. The devout churchman, the solicitous bishop of a Church, struggling for continued existence is shown also in the carefully preserved copies of the *Ratio Disciplinæ Ordinisque in Unitate Fratrum* and the *Historia Persecutionum Ecclesiae Bohemicae* written by Johann Amos Comenius, the last Bishop of the Moravian line in Bohemia, for the purpose of securing against utter destruction, and unforeseen dangers the doctrines and discipline of this ancient, persecuted Church. The wise, brave old bishop had also taken good care to secure against extinction the Apostolic Succession handed down through the Waldensian line. These two books therefore to a faithful Moravian were indeed "the precious life blood of a master spirit," and were worthy of all the care bestowed upon them.

Snugly ensconced in the midst of this wonderful collection, Colonel Morgan also found one of the old account books of the "Sun Inn", a stow-away seemingly anxious to get into good company, in which was recorded an inventory⁷ of its equipment as it appeared in the month of May, 1762, and among the items that were of

⁶"Many a man lives a burden to the earth; but a good Booke is the pretious life-blood of a master spirit, imbalmd and treasur'd up on purpose to a life beyond life."—*Milton's Prose Works*, Pickering Edition, 1851, Vol. IV, p. 400.

⁷*The Old Moravian Sun Inn*, by Rev. William O. Reichel, p. 11.



ILLUMINATED VELLUM MANUSCRIPT, FIFTEENTH CENTURY

special interest to him as an innkeeper were the following:

"20 gallons of Madeira, 10 gallons of Teneriffe, 2 quarter casks of White Lisbon, 109 gallons of Philadelphia rum, 8 gallons of Shrub, 40 gallons of Cider Royal, 4 hogsheads of Cider and one barrel of home-brewed beer from Christian's Brunn⁸ on the Barony;" surely incontestable evidence of good cheer, all snugly stored in the cool vaults of the great cellars, now become a favorite *Raths-Keller*⁹ on hot summer days

and nights for oratorical local statesmen and captains of industry. He discovered also an enthusiastic passage regarding the inn recorded in a diary of a Lieutenant Anburey, a British officer, who spent some days as a prisoner of war within its sheltering walls in the autumn of 1778.

"You may be sure," said the Lieutenant, who is revealed in his book as of a thoughtful, kindly nature,¹⁰ "our sur-

trance is the great iron gate which leads into the dungeon, and inside the chamber are the portholes which furnish a trifle of light. In one corner is the passageway cut through solid rock, leading to an outlet."—*The Old Moravian Sun Inn*, by Rev. William C. Reichel.

¹⁰"I could not but reflect, if content was in this life, they enjoy it, far from the bustle of a troublesome world, living in perfect liberty, each one pursuing his own ideas and inclination, and residing in the most delightful situation imaginable; which is so healthy, that they are subject to few, if any diseases. * * * As want is a stranger, so is vice. * * They possess what many are entire strangers to, who surrounded with what are termed blessings, those true

⁸"A famous spring on the ancient farm at Nazareth near the Whitefield House, named in honor of Zinzendorf's son Christian Renatus."—*Bishop Levering's History of Bethlehem*, p. 190.

⁹An underground Council Chamber. "The Chamber has had only trifling alterations made from its condition when it came from the hands of the master mason, nearly a century and a half ago. It is twenty-two feet long, fourteen feet wide and ten and one-half feet to the center of the arch. The spacious entrance to it from the other casements is the same as originally constructed. Just outside of this en-

prise was not a little after having been accustomed to such miserable fare at other ordinaries, to see a larder displayed with plenty of fish, fowl and game. Another matter of surprise, as we have not met with the like in all our travels, was excellent wines of all sorts, which to us was a most delicious treat, not having tasted any since we left Boston, for notwithstanding the splendor and elegance of several families we visited in Virginia, wine was a stranger to their tables. For every apartment a servant is appointed to attend, whose whole duty it is to wait on the company belonging to it, and who is as much your servant during your stay as one of your own domestics. The accommodations for horses is equal. In short, in planning this tavern they seem solely to have studied the ease, comfort and convenience of the travelers; and it is built upon such an extensive scale that it can readily accommodate one hundred and sixty persons."¹¹

Colonel Morgan gave an impatient grunt as he exclaimed in the *patois* of the Lehigh Valley:

"Now, *was der deihenker* did the blithering redcoat expect from a Moravian landlord? Didn't he know that the children of the Rhine brought a wholesome love of good eating, and an expert knowledge of wines, along with them when they came to Pennsylvania, and so help me, their descendants haven't lost their inherited appetites since, or the knack of getting up square meals—no! nor has a Pennsylvania German landlord forgotten the old fashioned courtesy and hospitality due to a guest. Your New Englanders and Virginians were not in the same class with the Pennsylvania Germans when it came to good living, and a lot of other things too. Bethlehem had the first water works in Pennsyl-

and essential ones—health and tranquillity of mind; and that you may ever enjoy them, though no Moravian, in a high degree is the sincere wish of yours, etc."—Extract from Observations on the Moravians in a letter to a friend by Thomas Anburey, dated Sept. 2, 1781 in his "*Travels Through the Interior Parts of America*, Vol. II, p. 518.

¹¹*Travels through the Interior parts of America*. by an officer (Thomas Anburey) London 1789, Vol. II, pp. 509-11.

vania¹², and the first fire engine in America for instance, as well as the first Female Seminary."

And more of the same sort in praise of the old inn came to the attention of the Colonel, now become thoroughly absorbed in the reading, but perhaps nothing interested him quite as much as the following flattering passage from the pen of the Marquis de Chastellux, a major-general in the army of the Count de Rochambeau in his "*Voyages dans l'Amerique Septentrionale*" a fine clean copy of which bound in tree calf he found in this amazing library.

"We had no difficulty," wrote the Marquis, "in finding the tavern for it is precisely at the entrance of the town. The house was built at the expense of the Society of Moravian Brethren to whom it formerly served as a Magazine, and is very handsome and spacious. The person who keeps it is only a cashier, and is obliged to render an account to the administrators."

In a foot note to this passage the translator¹³, George Grieve, an English gentleman, who resided in America at that period, makes this interesting comment:

"This, inn from its external appearance, and its interior accommodations is not inferior to the best of the large inns in England, which, indeed, it very much resembles in every respect. The first time I was at Bethlehem we remained there two or three days, and were constantly supplied with venison, moor game, the most delicious red and yellow bellied trout, the highest flavored wild strawberries, the most luxuriant asparagus, and the best vegetables, in short, I ever saw; and notwithstanding the difficulty of procuring good wines and spirits at that period throughout the Continent we were regaled with wine and brandy

¹²See Bishop Levering's *History of Bethlehem*, pp. 288-400.

¹³*Travels in North America in the years 1780, 1781, and 1782, by the Marquis de Chastellux, one of the forty members of the French Academy, and Major-General in the French Army, serving under the Count de Rochambeau.* Translated from the French, London, 1787.

of the best quality and exquisite old Port and Madeira."

"Now, that reads well," commented the Colonel; "this Englishman was evidently an honest-minded chap, and had, too, a delicate taste as well as a trained appetite, and, moreover, appreciated good fare whenever he found it. However after his confessed experience elsewhere he would be an ungrateful, cold-blooded cuss not to praise fare like this. Think of it! no refrigerated commissary here! Everything just as the Almighty made it. What! Deer shot within a hundred yards of your own dining-room, grouse and quail from your own meadows, live trout from the Monocasy every morning, and fresh shad¹⁴ daily from the Lehigh when in "running," with strawberries¹⁵ growing wild close at hand, to say nothing of bear meat¹⁶, and all he had to pay was six pence for breakfast, a shilling¹⁷ for dinner, and six pence for supper, with a glass of good rum thrown in, and the best wine for only a shilling a pint! and I guess our Pennsylvania German great-granddaddies knew a thing or two about good wines. A thousand years among the vineyards of the Rhine Palatinate ought to tell on a race! A regular Waldorf-Stratford bill of fare for half a dollar a day! I'd like to see Mr. Grieve wake up some fine day, and order the same lay-out at one of George Boldt's palatial taverns, and watch his blooming countenance when his lordship, the waiter, pre-

sented his little check. He'd be so grieve-d at sight of it that he would want to hurry back to where he came from without delay. Half a dollar a day! Thunder! It wouldn't pay the tip for a luncheon in Hellertown!"

The most interesting find of all, as well as the most momentous moreover, was discovered in a curious old German manuscript journal, bound in pigskin, and fastened with a quaintly embossed silver clasp, with the initials

J. A. A.

engraved thereon.

1767

On page 187, appeared this entry, which translated reads thus:

"I, Johan Andreas Albrecht, have this day, the seventeenth of May, 1768, stored in one of the chambers midway in the secret tunnel that leads from the cellar of the inn to the thicket on the banks of the Monnokasy the following belongings of the Brethren,—inasmuch as there is information brought from beyond the Blue Mountains of bands of Iroquois Indians on a warlike and marauding expedition. This is done for the sake of insuring their safety, and in case of need, should our peaceful community be so unhappy as to have the savages assault it: Two barrels of Madeira, three casks of Teneriffe, one cask Canary, one half cask of White Lisbon, ninety-eight gallons of West India Rum, a quarter cask of Shrub, one barrel of Cider Royal, four barrels of Beer from Christian's Brunn, and one hundred and twenty bottles containing various wines and liquors, besides one barrel of bear meat, forty smoked hams, twenty haunches of dried venison, two barrels of salted shad, and one barrel of smoked pigeons.¹⁸"

In a postscript this also appeared:

"There is likewise concealed in the hidden vault of the chamber, the place

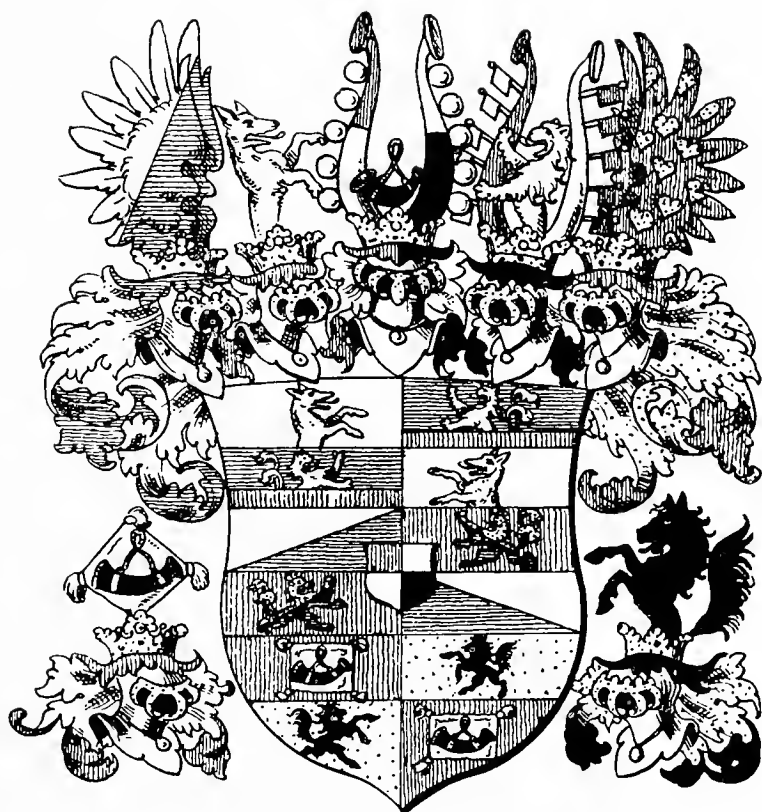
¹⁴"Before the erection of wing-dams, walls, and flood-gates in the river, * * * the Lehigh was a resort of the shad, which in the spring season found their way from the ocean far up into its fresh waters, there to deposit their spawn. The shad fisheries were followed annually until the early part of this (19th) century.—May 18, 1785, 900 shad were caught at Bethlehem by the Brethren."—*History of the Moravian Seminary* by Rev. William C. Reichel—See foot notes, pages 111-2.

¹⁵"After two o'clock the inhabitants of the house great and small, went to a plantation over the Lehigh about two miles from Bethlehem, to pick strawberries." Extract from the *Journal of Daily Events*, kept by the young pupils of the Moravian Seminary, June 20, 1789.

¹⁶"*Der Lecha Berg*" was a favorite resort of bears in Colonial days.

¹⁷See "*The Old Moravian Sun Inn*" by Rev. William C. Reichel, n. 13.

¹⁸"The wild pigeon (*Columba migratoria*) is of an ash grey color. In Spring they take their passage to the North and in Autumn return to the South. In some years they flock together in such numbers, that the air is darkened by their flight. Wherever they alight they make as much havoc among the trees and garden fruits as the locusts * * * Their flesh has a good taste and is eaten by the Indians either fresh, smoked or dried."—*Loskiel's History of the Mission of the United Brethren Among the Indians of North America*, pp. 92-3.



ARMORIAL BEARINGS OF COUNT ZINZENDORF

thereof known only to the Bishop, the Schatzmeister and myself, the Brethren's strong iron box containing £3172 in gold, English money, with 2150 silver florins from Germany."

The reading of this greatly astonished Colonel Morgan, for here at last, was confirmation of the truth of an old tradition, that had been handed down from generation to generation, that there existed a secret passage¹⁹ from the inn to a refuge of safety somewhere in the impenetrable forest growth that lined the banks of the Monocasy in ancient days. The thought that it was reserved for him, John Morgan, to discover this old subterranean passageway, and perhaps in the secret chamber described by Albrecht, the innkeeper, find some, if not all of the precious vintages, and brews, with the gold and silver, now surely become treasure-trove, stored away in that far off time for safety gave him such a thrill he hadn't experienced the like of in many a day, not since the summer evening he kissed his first sweetheart down in the Saucon Valley.

With such possibilities staring him in the face, you may be assured that the mysterious gallery leading from the Rathskeller, which had always been a profound problem to the patrons of the inn, was to be explored forthwith, and the next day the Colonel, with an air of great importance and mystery about him, disappeared along with a pick, shovel and crowbar, and was not seen again by his friends until several days had passed. His good wife and boy found it difficult to recognize him as late each night he sneaked softly up the stairway from the vaults looking like a gigantic mole, begrimed and covered with dust. He succeeded however late one afternoon, after strenuous labor amid great clouds of dust, with sorely blistered hands in breaking through a large body of earth



COUNT ZINZENDORF

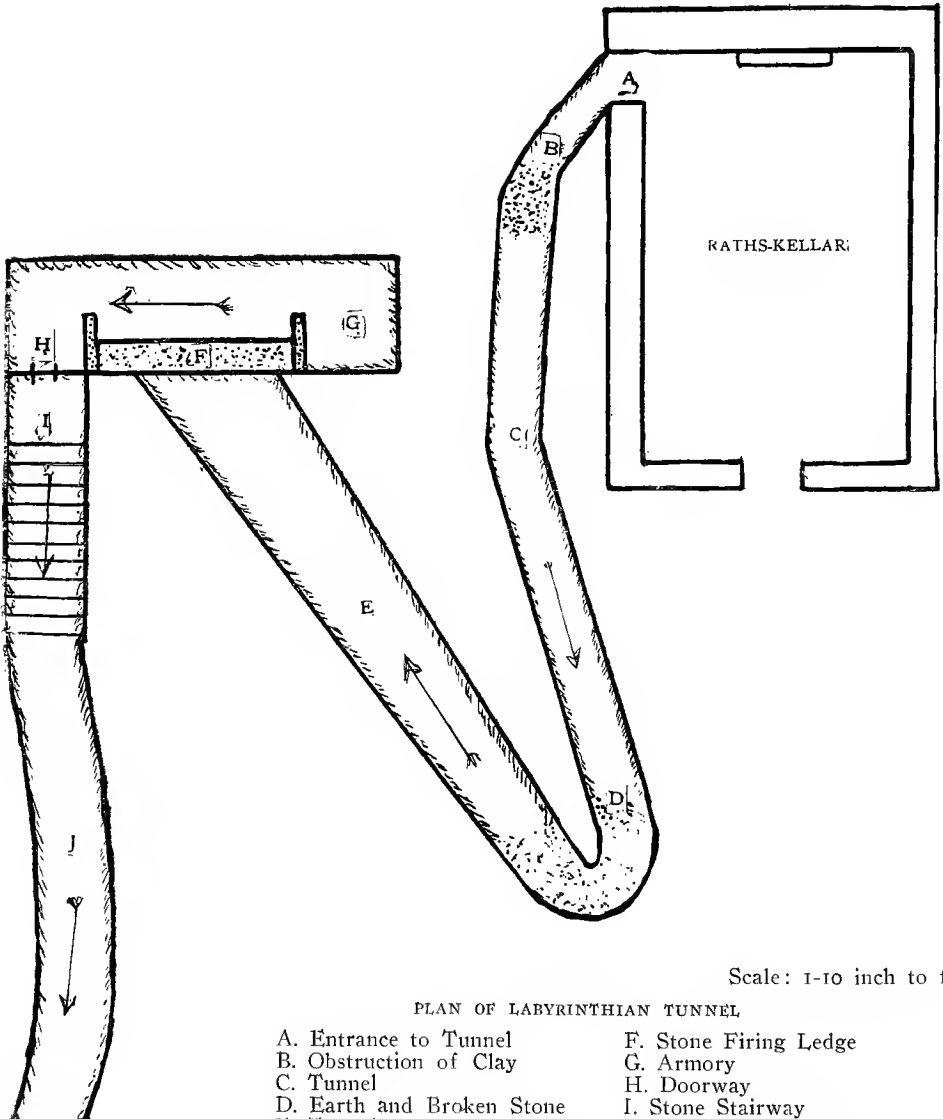
that had been tightly packed in an ingenious turn of the tunnel, made at an acute angle, closing it effectually, and giving it the appearance of a natural barrier, at a distance of about fifty feet from the entrance to the Rathskeller. The tunnel was evidently planned by someone who had intimate knowledge of and experience in military matters, for an enemy could be held at bay with the greatest ease from the vantage secured by the peculiar plan followed in its construction. At a distance of about forty feet from the point of the angle, the tunnel here assuming a labyrinthian character, was constructed a miniature fortress and armory. Leaning against the wall of the armory behind a stone ledge from which an advancing enemy could be fired on were a dozen or more old rifles of the famous ²⁰Henry make, several blunderbusses and half a dozen heavy sabres. The tunnel was so recessed at this point that a relay of men could be loading rifles while their companions were fighting the invaders. It

¹⁹*The Old Moravian Sun Inn* by Rev. William C. Reichel, author of "A Red Rose from the Olden Time."

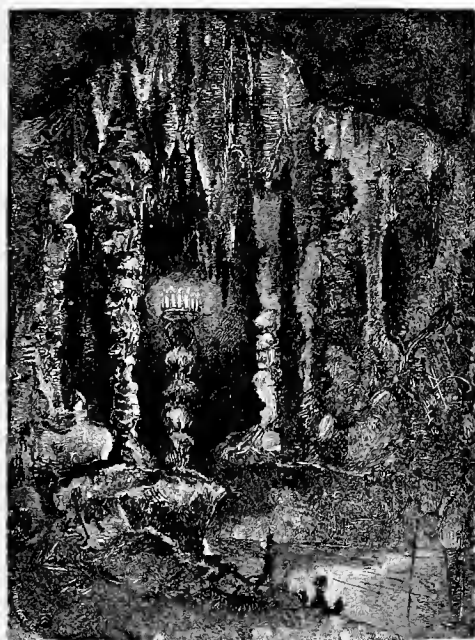
²⁰"William Henry of Lancaster and Nazareth the most celebrated gunmaker of his time," *Sawyer's Firearms in American History*.

took time to load the old flint lock rifles and muskets, and an alert, enterprising enemy might rush the defenders if unprepared. He found at a few feet to the left of this firing ledge a doorway leading to a steep flight of steps, roughly hewn out of the rock from the foot of which ran a long unobstructed passageway at a sharp incline towards the Monocasy, and in a southerly direction. At a distance of about a hundred feet

the passage widened suddenly, on either side of which at that point he saw two stout oaken doors swung on enormous iron hinges, which, after a vigorous assault with a crowbar, he succeeded in opening, disclosing two large irregular shaped chambers formed by nature in the limestone rock—the two halves of what was once in a remote geological age, a great single cave, but which in the course of time was curiously divided by



the formation of a stalagmite wall, which the builders of the tunnel discovered so many generations ago. The roofs and sides were composed of a dazzling white sulphate of lime with stalactites in an endless variety of form, size and color, all translucent, and when lighted up producing a most brilliant and beautiful effect, as if encrusted with magnificent rubies, emeralds and diamonds. No masonry could compare with the walls in strength or beauty. The floors of the chambers were even and



BROTHER ALBRECHT'S SECRET CHAMBER

"*Donner wetter,*" exclaimed the Colonel, greatly excited. "This find beats the Rheingold!" Like every Bethlehemite our landlord was a lover of good music, as well as a clever classical scholar, and he instinctively thought of the Nibelungen hoard²¹ in Wagner's immortal composition. He had moreover a thorough appreciation of rare old wines. He cried out with great enthusiasm:

"Every drop in those barrels and bottles is worth its weight in gold; there is nothing like it in America, perhaps in the world! One hundred and forty-two years! How much older the Lord only knows! *Now will ich gewiss verdammt sei!* Ach, but it will be a fine throat that makes the acquaintance of the least of this precious stuff. Only the elect, and I think I'll do the electing, will get a taste of it, beginning 'right away quick,' as Sam Druckamiller would say, with your humble servant, John Morgan, landlord of the "Sun Inn" successor and heir to wise old Brother Albrecht, just now of blessed memory."

As the Colonel came prepared for any emergency he had no difficulty with the aid of a bung starter, and accessories in gaining access to the contents of the barrels. The ubiquitous corkscrew, which every citizen of the Lehigh Valley is said to carry along with his jack-knife, a wicked slander no doubt, spread by some jealous, unregenerate outlander, presently enabled him also to determine the character of what the bottles contained. Slowly making the circuit of the cave—which in time of danger might have served as a sanctuary, now lighted by an old swinging iron lamp, a relic of the pioneer days of the Brotherhood, which the Colonel found almost filled with oil, and speedily

²¹"A mythical mass of gold and precious stones, which Siegfried (*Sege-freed*), prince of the Netherlands, took from Nibelungenland and gave to his wife as a dowry. The hoard filled thirty-six wagons. After the murder of Siegfried, Hagan seized the hoard, and for concealment sank it in the 'Rhine at Loekham,' intending to recover it at a future period, but Hagan was assassinated and the hoard was lost forever."—*Nibelungen Lied*, XIX.

hard, a kind of concrete, evidently constructed by the master builders of the Brethren. Disposed in an orderly fashion Colonel Morgan beheld to his great astonishment in a chapel-like recess of one of the chambers, a score or more of barrels and casks, all stoutly bound with iron hoops, apparently containing wines and liquors as the lettering burnt into them indicated, with a great number of bottles filled with some kind of unknown liquor, the labels having disappeared generations ago.

utilized—and critically surveying the formidable array of barrels and casks he exclaimed with sudden energy:

"They say that the 'proof of the pudding is in the eating,' and by the same token if I am to arrive at a knowledge of the wines and liquors which Brother Albrecht undoubtedly bequeathed to me, I readily see that there will be some multitudinous drinking going on here, and I may as well start in at once, for as Macbeth remarked, when he put up that horrible job on poor old Duncan²², 'if it were done, when 'tis done, then 'twere well it were done quickly.' So here goes for this barrel of old Madeira!"

Tapping it gently, almost affectionately, he soon found his way to its imprisoned sunshine and cheer, and filling a wineglass he held it to the light, watching and admiring its rich color as he passed it to and fro; then inhaling its aroma in the most approved fashion of the connoisseur, as if it were the fragrance of some rare and delicate flower; and also inclining his ear as if listening to some song or message from the vineyards that gave it birth on some fair Madeiran hillside. Like a true lover of good wine, he abhorred haste in its drinking. He would not drown its flavor, in a murderous, vulgar gulp, in the manner of a boisterous swashbuckler swallowing stale beer. He would as lief swallow a cup of weak Rio coffee in a Bowery restaurant. On the contrary he touched almost imperceptibly the brimming glass with his lips. Closing his eyes softly, and moving his lips, ever so gently, he seemed to have fallen into a deep revery from which he quickly awoke to take a sip with an expression that was almost ecstatic. Then another sip and another, and then a smack of the lips that sounded like the crack of a rifle, which volleyed and echoed in the cave like the firing of a platoon. Then came a discourse on wines that displayed a most remarkable acquaintance with

the history and virtues of that much abused drink of the Patriarchs,²³ a talk that would have delighted Anacreon²⁴ and Tom Moore²⁵.

"They call Madeira an old-fashioned wine, no longer cared for"; he said, "let me tell you though that Sherry, the rival that fashion every now and then puts in its place can't hold a candle to it. Madeira possesses rare inalienable virtues, and will always come into its own again no matter what whims for a time may set it aside. Now, here is a genuine wine, rich in natural flavor and color; no counterfeit almond concoction; none of your muslin Madeira, but with a splendid body and matured to perfection. *Himmel!* It didn't have to hurry to do that in all these long years. Old wine drinkers tell us that Madeira has not yet been drunk too old. I'll bet the old roan mare that this is the oldest vintage in the world today; a glass of it would almost raise the dead. So here's to Brother Albrecht! most loyal of landlords and most faithful of the Brethren. May his memory never grow cobwebbed in this good old Moravian House of Entertainment."

The neighbor to the Madeira was a cask of Malmsey that appealed strongly to our now thoroughly animated landlord. Going through much of the same ceremonious handling of the fine old wine that made his introduction to the Madeira so impressive he continued:

"This old Malmsey has a bouquet like a ripe pineapple; a sort of first cousin to Madeira, I should say. This is the wine they call Teneriffe, a New York *bon vivant*, named Peter Marie, once told me. And come to think of it one of the Lehigh University professors re-

²²"And Melchizedek King of Salem brought forth bread and wine, and he was the priest of the most high God."—*Genesis*, 18th chapter, 19th verse.

²³"Drink no longer water, but use a little wine for thy stomach's sake and thine often infirmities.—*I Timothy*, 5th chapter, 23d verse.

²⁴"Today is my business: who knows what tomorrow will bring forth? While, therefore, it is fair weather, drink, play and offer libations to Bacchus." Anacreon XV, 9.

²⁵"Press the grape, and let it pour
Around the board its purple shower."—*Moore's Juvenile Poems*, p. 63.

²²*Shakespeare's Macbeth—Act I Scene VII.*

minded me a year or so ago that Richard the hunchback king of England, the chap who was afraid of his looking-glass, drowned his nephew, a half name-sake of mine, in a hogshead of this same old Malmsey. Now, that beats having a knife put into your 'innards,' or having your head cut off before breakfast, to which some less favored royal celebrities could testify. Now, if by some unhappy decree of fate I am to die by drowning, let it be by all means in a tank of Malmsey, for this is beginning to make me feel mighty good, and that is what we all should be, good and happy, said my preacher last Sunday. What a grand missionary old Malmsey would make."

"These barrels and casks are not as full as they once were, if old Albrecht told the truth in his inventory, but what has been lost in quantity I allow has been more than made up in quality. Old Father Time has a habit of taking toll from wines and spirits. This is surely an enticing wine, and I guess I can hazard another glass; so here's to the jolly good fellows, past and gone, who once passed the flowing bowl in this good old inn. *Ach!* if I only had them around me now, we would make a night of it."

Coming to a curious bit of coo-perage stamped "White Lisbon" he cried out:

"*Now, was der teufel!* White Lisbon? From the taste of it, it reminds me of Port, and by cracky, that's just what it is! A white Port made from white grapes grown near Lisbon, and mighty good stuff it is, too. A bumper of it wouldn't hurt a baby! So here's to Bacchus, the God of the Vineyard, 'that first from out the purple grape crushed the sweet poison of misused wine.' I swiped that toast from a blind man.²⁶ It's classical too. Lucky thing I am alone, for people hearing me might think I was a Pagan, one of those cusses we used to read about, when I went to school at Nazareth Hall. They say they used to make Rome howl, when a thirst overtook them. Do you know these old

wines are the greatest thing in the world for a treacherous memory. My schooling is all coming back to me. I'll be talking Greek, the next thing you know, John Morgan, you old reprobate!"

"And what have we here, in this dwarf of a cask with a Spanish name? MAN-ZANILLA. *Himmel!* I'll be quite a linguist if drinking these foreign wines is a short cut to the mastery of their languages. I'll be a fine polyglot, or perhaps something more extraordinary, if there is much more of this. Lord, what a School of Languages I could establish, if the only teachers were wineglasses, and the curriculum, these grand old wines. Lehigh University and Lafayette College wouldn't be in it with me; not for a minute. I'd make Doctors of Languages in short order. This cave would make a great recitation room."

Filling a glass, and sipping it gently, and then executing a graceful *pas seul* that would have done credit to a West Point dancing master, he exclaimed,

"*Caramba!* But this is delicious!—I should call this an absolutely perfect wine with surpassing delicacy and flavor, and dry as punk! And what a fine straw color! Great thing for the stomach! Finest thing in all Spain! Julius Caesar must have had this for a table wine when he was galavanting around the Spanish peninsula. Another glass of this, and I'll feel like charging windmills, like our old friend Don Quixote, or fighting Spanish bulls in our back yard. Another little nip can't hurt, and it's good, too, you know," winking both eyes, "for the languages. So here's to Sancho Panza, and the prancing Rosanante!"

"Gaily the troubadour touched his guitar,
As he was hastening home from the war."

Colonel Morgan had arrived at that stage where his exuberance of spirits began to find expression in song and poetry, with a decided inclination of his feet to shuffle accompaniments.

"Great Scott! But there's something exhilarating about these spirits come to life again. No, hang it, I mean come to

²⁶See Milton's *Comus*. Line 46.

light again. I don't mean spooks, John Morgan, though I am beginning to see strange, odd looking things that make faces at you, and to hear queer noises. You can't tell what unearthly things moved into these caves and tunnels during the last one hundred and forty years and living here rent free ever since; but I am going to see this thing through, no matter what the devil I see, or what happens, 'be it goblins damn'd or blasts from hell.' So move on, John, and keep your eyes peeled."

Just then, as if in defiant contempt of the Colonel's courageous manifesto, two enormous bats just grazed his head as they went whirring by with a mighty sweep of wings. In no wise alarmed he shook his fists at their disappearing shapes, crying out: "wait until I get my hands on you, you infernal interlopers."

Stooping over a small cask he found modestly reclining in a niche of the stalagmite wall, he exclaimed, "Here we have something stamped: SHRUB. Well, I'll be hornswaggled! Shrubs! I never knew before that you could drink shrubs. We always make button hole bouquets of them around here. But, let us taste it anyway. Pshaw," turning up his nose, "that's a sweet weak made-up²⁷ sort of drink—something, I should say, expressly concocted for the ladies—God bless them! However we won't linger over that; it isn't a man's drink, but a Nancy boy's beverage! Your little dudes that lisp when they talk."

Picking up a demure little keg, and tossing it in the air, he exclaimed:

"What a diminutive affair, and so snugly bound? It has an air of great respectability about it though, and its name is, let me see, LACRYMA CHRISTI NAPOLI. No wonder it is put in so small a package, for this is one of the rarest wines in the world, and none but a 'sourbred,' as my old *gringo* friend Major Horn facetiously would say; none but a gentleman and a scholar, should ever be allowed to drink it. It is a

sweet luscious Italian wine with an exquisite flavor, reserved for the most exacting palates, and we have a few of them right here in Bethlehem. It is said that this is the old Falernian, with which Horace²⁸ was wont to regale his dear friend, the good knight Maecenas, and the young blades of Rome, on the famous Sabine farm; and many of the famous Odes, I have no doubt owe their existence to it. It's full of inspiration. I'll be sworn, this was religiously reserved for the sole use of distinguished guests, possibly Count Zinzendorf, who, good pious bishop that he was, yet believed with the Brethren, in sunshine, music and good cheer. I would not for the world miss a taste of this most exclusive of aristocratic wines—the joy and solace of many a prince of the old church. *Bonum vinum laetificat cor hominis!* as some convivial old Abbot would say. These wines are certainly conclusive evidence as to the character, requirements and accomplishments of both hosts and guests of the old Sun Inn, in the early days of its history."

Assuming a rather strained, upright bearing, decidedly military, albeit with considerable effort, Colonel Morgan solemnly exclaimed, pointing to a big barrel to his right:

"We have come to real trouble now, I am afraid. Here is some genuine old West India rum, nearly one hundred and fifty years old, and as fiery and vindictive as the Old Nick! These old piratical spirits never would mix with your aristocratic wines; they're full of hurricanes if you provoke them, and nothing irritates them more than an introduction to polite society, and when you turn your stomach into a drawing-room the devil may be to pay when the introductions begin, for mixed society has its drawbacks. It's a school for scandal, I tell you. I am game

²⁸"My friends, let us seize the moment as it flies, and while our strength is fresh and it becomes our youth, let the clouded brow of sadness be far away. Bring forth the wine cask stored in the year of my friend Consul Torquatus. Cease to talk of other things; perhaps the Deity will benignly change this gloomy hour and bring back to you the joys of former days. Wine that is mighty to inspire new hopes and able to wash away the bitters of care." *Horatii Opera.*

²⁷A liquor composed of vegetable acid, especially lemon juice and sugar, with spirits to preserve it.

though, so here's for better or for worse." Filling a glass, and holding it rather timorously, he continued: "My aristocratic friends, let me introduce my old acquaintance, Jamaica Rum, but for Heaven's sake, don't rile him—he's a cantankerous old cuss! The older they grow, the worse they are, you know. Whew! Wow! Steady, John Morgan! you've got your hands full now, for you have turned your stomach into a Donnybrook Fair. There's something wrong too with the law of gravitation in this old cave the way the floor keeps moving up and down."

"Now, for the plebeian beer from Christian's Brunn! I can't go back on this honest old Moravian brew."

"This is truly *lager* beer—something you don't get nowadays, for it has lain here nearly one hundred and fifty years as well as the wine which is a *lager* wine for the same reason."

*"Jetzt schwingen wir den Hut
Das Bier, das Bier, war gut!"*

"In its long sleep it has acquired many genuine old fashioned virtues, and talking of sleep I am beginning to feel as if I were being 'rocked in the cradle of the deep,' the way this old cave is rocking. Next thing I'll know, some outlandish creature will be singing a lullaby to me, one of those gnomes we used to read about in German story books."

"*Himmel!* Here's another barrel to sample, and then for the bottles. This cave is like a Merry-go-round, the way it's whirling about, and the barrels and casks looking like wooden horses, camels and ostriches; the durned thing won't stop long enough to give a feller a chance to get on board, so there's nothing left but to jump for it. *Blitzen!* I missed it that time! *Wart a bissel du Rinds-fieh!* I'll get you next time," and he did, plus a scratch or two.

*"Cider Royal!" he exclaimed, "that's a new one on me, but as Brother Albrecht

brought you here, I'll see what you're made of," and a right good drink he found it—better than much of the so-called champagne of today. "Now for the bottles! If I can only catch them; they seem to be playing leapfrog and having a good time. Whoever saw the like? Watch me get one of 'em. *Eins! zwei! fier!* Mished them all! Guesh I'll crouch behind one of these pillars and interchept 'em! Look a here, John Morgan, I want yoush to understand that I'm not doin' all this hard drinking becaush I like it. I guesh I know when I have enough, be gosh! I want yoush to know that I'm taking an inventory, and musht drink to keep the accounts straight. Can't trusht nobody else to do thish. No, not even my brosher. They'd all get drunk. *Hic! Hic!* It ish a solemn duty, and I'd be an ungrateful dog not to drink to the helsh of old Albrecht, and all his frents. There's nothing mean about me, and don't you forgesh it, John Morgan, you old Buccaneer."

The reader must not assume that the Colonel was in the habit of tarrying unduly over the wine cup—on the contrary, he was a very Prince of Sobriety, and not given to hilarity. He had extraordinary duties imposed upon him in this adventure, and most manfully and faithfully did he perform them.

The Colonel now began to see things double and treble, and to hear voices. He thought some one was crying out: "Speech! speech!" Rolling a barrel of Canary, which somehow he had overlooked, into the middle of the cave, he succeeded in mounting it after considerable effort, and making a profound bow, began the following oration:

"Mr. Shairman, and fellow citishens, I feel very proud, *Hic! Hic!* to be permitted to address this august asssembly on this suspicious occassion. I desire to express my appreshiation of the great

*"Cyder Royal is so called, when some quarts of brandy are thrown into a barrel of cider, along with several pounds of Muscavado sugar, whereby it becomes stronger and tastes better. It is then left alone for a year or so, or taken over the sea, then thrown off into bottles, with some raisins put in; it may then

deserve the name of apple wine. Cyder Royal of another kind is made, of which one-half is cider, and the other mead, both freshly fermented together."

Epile's Notes and Queries, Vol II, 3rd Series, p. 424.

honor, Hic! Hic! you have imposed upon me by making me the orator of the evening. Now, my dear breshren, I musht assshure you that makin' speeches is not quite in my line. I am devilish sly, Hic! Hic! when it comesh to putting up a politischal job, and I am no slouch at shamplng old wines and sphirishs ash you all will bear me witnesh, nevertheless, Hic! Hic!"—

And then the barrel began to wabble violently, and John Morgan incontinently was forced to abdicate.

"Look a here, John Morgan, you've absorbed about enough of thish inherish-tance of yoursh; don't be a prodigal, leave a little for—well—anoshers occash-ion. Hic! Hic! You must take the resh of the asshets on trust, or you'll get as full ash Schinnerhannes' goat. I am a little drowshy, too, and I am going to quit, with jush one more drink. Hic! Hic! I'm going to make a *poosh cafe*, one of them hifalutin things they drinshs down in Ashbury Park, one of thosh things thash look like hokey-pokey ishcream."

No French *boulevardier* could have done better; the *pousse cafe* was beautifully constructed, but it proved a night cap for Colonel Morgan, who soon found himself peacefully reclining full length in the midst of Brother Albrecht's ancient hoard, oblivious to war, or to the rumors of war, or to any other disturbing element, even to the gold and silver in the Brethren's strong box, the quest for which he had reserved as a *finale*.

Through his brain now floated gorgeous dreams, pictures of the days when these vintages were quaffed by lords and ladies, famous soldiers and statesmen, and carried away by his enthusiasm he swore a mighty oath, that he would celebrate the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the ²⁹opening of the inn by giving a grand reception to which he would invite all the celebrated people who were ever sheltered beneath its roof.

"Of course," said the Colonel, "all

my Beslehem friends will be there too, to meet the illushtrious guests." It is wonderful what effect a little wine will have on some people's diction and pronunciation, even when taken for the stomach's sake.

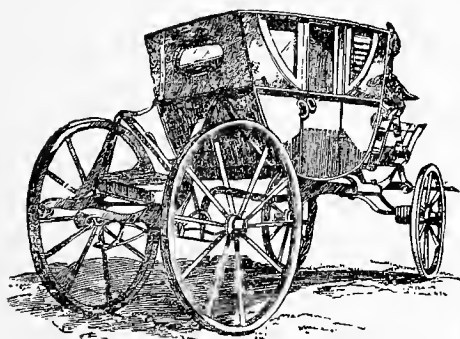
Invitations engraved in the best manner of the art and couched in the most punctilious form were sent out at once to all the great folk whose addresses the Colonel could find. Now that he had shot his bolt, so to speak, to which there was no recall, plans for the celebration on a scale worthy of the occasion, and of the guests of honor whom he felt certain would grace it by their presence began to pass in almost endless procession through his brain. That it must be unique, and in good taste withal he insisted at once, and moreover it must be in all particulars an affair in which distinction was the keynote. Colonel Morgan would have nothing commonplace; he was a true Moravian in that resolve; he would reproduce the ancient environment, the social atmosphere and manners that were in vogue when the ancient Moravian landlords welcomed the coming, and sped the departing guests, with a hearty "*adieu*" and "*koyne bald wieder*," which sentiment still obtains, to which the inscription over the arched entrance to the Inn bears testimony.

Very quickly Colonel Morgan had matured elaborate plans out of the multitude that clamored for recognition, and on that eventful day, the greatest ever known in the Lehigh Valley, the old Inn was resplendent without and within. The ancient weather-beaten sign of the Sun, which long had hung on the outer wall eclipsed in the dust of generations, was brilliant in fresh colors, shedding its cheerful rays with a glow and warmth that turned the temper of the town into the most amiable of moods.

The distinguished guests began to arrive early in the morning and continued all through the day. Some had come the day before. Many came by the old-fashioned stage, drawn by four horses;

²⁹"On the twenty-fourth day of September of the aforementioned year 1760 (this day marks an epoch) the first travellers were entertained under its hospitable roof."—*The Old Moravian Sun Inn* by Rev. William C. Reichel.

some arrived in Windsor chairs³⁰; others in Carriages³¹; again, some in Jersey wagons; some in Sopus wagons; and a goodly number of gentlemen on horseback accompanied by their grooms and valets; while others again travelled in great state in coaches drawn by four horses with outriders, and postillions.



WASHINGTON'S STATE COACH.

The arrival of so many noted people soon set the quaint old town into tremors of excitement. The appearance on its streets of so many strangers, appareled in the picturesque costume of Colonial and Revolutionary days occasioned open-eyed wonder among the citizens. The courtly fashion, the bowing and scraping, the snuff-taking, the complimenting, and the stately demeanor of the newcomers was in such striking contrast with the curt, bluff way of the modern

town, it was not surprising that it was looked upon as a sort of gala occasion; a masquerade affair—or *meschianza fete*,³² such as was once held in Philadelphia in Revolutionary days during the British occupation. The citizens had forgotten that this was the daily fashion of their forefathers which had passed away, and unhappily with it much of the old-fashioned charm and formality of manner, the lack of which has made our modern life very commonplace indeed.

Great, too, was the marvel of the town when twilight fell upon it to see emerging from the old Moravian burial-ground—where bishops and laymen,



ANCIENT MORAVIAN WATCHMAN

³⁰A sort of low wheeled carriage. "In the year 1746, Mr. Abraham Carpenter, a cooper, in Dock street, near the Golden Fleece, makes his advertisement, to hire two chairs * * to this effect to wit:

"Two handsome chairs,
With very good geers,
With horses or without,
To carrv his friends about."

—*Watson's Annals of Philadelphia*, p. 188.

Arrived at the Inn August 12, 1801.—"A gentleman in a Windsor chair." See *Register of the Sun Inn*.

³¹A chaise or carriage with two wheels drawn by two horses abreast. "A very short trial convinced her that a *curricie* was the prettiest equipment in the world." *Jane Austin*, Northanger Abbey p. 124.

"The splendid carriage of the wealthier guest, The ready chase and driver smartly dress'd; Whiskeys and gigs and *curricies* are there, And high-fed prancers, many a raw boned pair."

—*Crabbe*.

Arrived at the Inn, July 15, 1801. "Two gentlemen in a *curricie*, three horses and one servant." See *Register of the Sun Inn*.

Indian converts and devout sisters, rich and poor, the forefathers of Bethlehem sleep in true democratic fashion, each under a simple slab of stone, in no order

³²"Howe's farewell was made the occasion of a *fete champetre*, which, a splendid folly in itself, has been about as notorious in American history as the Field of the Cloth of Gold used to be in the annals of the three monarchs,—Henry, Charles and Francis. The *Meschianza* was as the word implies, a medley, but the most salient features were imitated from the Masques, such for instance, as Ben Jonson used to get up for the amusement of James I's Court at Hampton Court." The idea of such a *fete* emanated from the brain and fancy of Major Andre a friend and admirer of Lord Howe, Commander of the British Army in Philadelphia. The *fete* took place May 18, 1778. See *Scharf and Westcott's History of Philadelphia*, Vol. I, pp. 377 82-88.

of precedence, giving but the sleeper's name, birth and death, no more; brothers and sisters, truly,—the form of one of its ancient watchmen, garbed in the raiment worn before the war of Independence, and armed with a long spear, swinging a quaint old lantern, and singing the while, ancient Moravian hymns.³³ As he approached the old Inn, the clock in the church tower, began striking the hour. Quitting for the moment, his singing, he cried out, "*Die Glocke hat zehn geschlagen, und alles ist wohl. Gott sei Dank!*" and then proceeded slowly to make the circuit of the town, which on this night the venerable Brother found a fatiguing, as well as a bewildering and terrifying task. The town was no longer the village he knew in the old days, when the watchman's beat was no great affair and when a glass of wine, or ale, in the evening, and another at dawn, at the old inn, was the custom, the gift of the *Unitas Fratrum*. The custom held good this night too, and Brother Felsenbach was served with the best landlord Morgan could boast, which was no better, however, than the beverages the ancient watchman was accustomed to, as mine host would willingly admit.

Well it was for the old man to be fortified with spirits for he wot not of the unearthly ordeal awaiting him on his

³³The watchmen would also sing verses composed specially for them in old Herrnhut, Saxony by Count Zinzendorf.

9 o'clock.

"Hear, Brethren, hear! the hour of nine is come;
Keep pure each heart and chasten every hour."

10 o'clock.

"Hear, Brethren, hear! now ten the hour-hand
shows;
They only rest, who long for night's repose."

1 o'clock.

"The hour is one! through darkness steals the
day;
Shines in your hearts the morning star's first
ray!"

4 o'clock.

The clock is four! wh'er on earth are three,
The Lord has promised He the fourth would be."

6 o'clock.

The clock is six! and from the watch I'm free,
And every one may his own watchman be."

—James Henry's *Sketches of Moravian Life and Character*, pp. 50-1.

nocturnal rounds, for as he approached the rear of the town, in the neighborhood of Nisky Hill, along the bluff overlooking the Lehigh, he caught sight of the great steel works across the river, vomiting myriads of brilliant sparks of incandescent fire, falling like the stars of heaven from autumnal skies; belching forth huge volumes of smoke, intermingled with blazing tongues of flame, colored with all the hues of the solar spectrum, while over the shining waters of the swiftly flowing river, came the mighty clangor of gigantic hammers; the rumbling and rattling of machinery; the puffing of steam engines; where he saw, too, the forms of busy workmen running to and fro in the light of the furnaces, who he thought were imps of Satan, intent on some hellish task, and hastily concluded that he was in the neighborhood of the bottomless pit. He was more than ever convinced of this fact, when, in the midst of his terror, one of the night express trains, with its flaming headlight, spitting fire and sulphurous breath from the engine's smokestack; its long sinuous line of coaches brilliant with light went dashing up the valley, with a deafening roar and thunder; its whistle shrieking and howling as if in titanic pain and rage; sights and sounds alien to his simple life and generation. Dropping his spear and lantern, and lifting his outstretched hands to heaven, the devout old brother exclaimed, "*All-mächtiger Gott im Himmel!*" The great dragon of the Apocalypse, Apollyon, the old serpent has broken down the gates of hell, and escaped, to wreak destruction on the faithful. Woe is me, O my beloved Bethlehem! What fate is thine, O home of the Brethren!"

Then hurrying and stumbling in the utmost terror, he fled to the old church he knew so well, to rouse the citizens with the ringing of the great bell, and to apprise the Brethren of a great and imminent danger, whose presence he had just discovered.

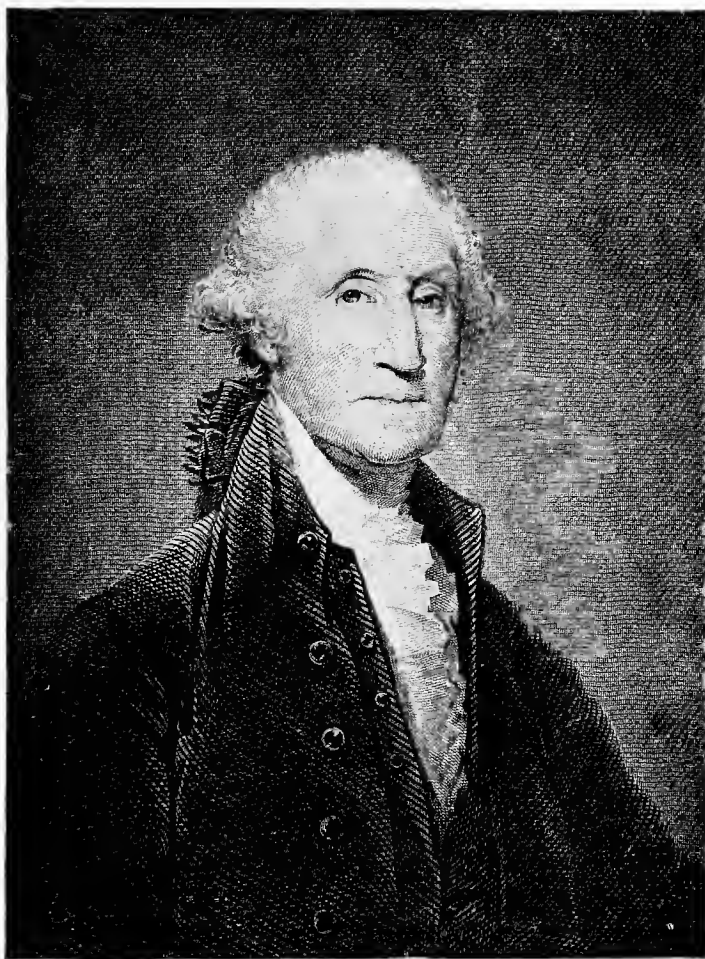
CHAPTER II



THE old inn brilliant with lights shining from every casement with the rich familiar music of the famous Trombone band pouring its sweet, almost human notes upon the summer air wrought such a change that one soon lost sight and sense of time and generation, and was not surprised therefore when ushered into the great draw-

ing-room with a grand ceremony by Brother Albrecht, who, by the grace of Colonel Morgan became the major-domo of the evening.

The beauty, culture and refinement of all the Bethlehems and other points in the Lehigh Valley, decked in its most becoming fashion, had already gathered in the spacious dining-room converted for the evening into a *grand salon*, and the hum of conversation was at the



GEORGE WASHINGTON

highest pitch when a sudden hush came upon the company as Brother Albrecht, with a low obeisance, and in a trembling tone of voice announced: "His Majest-Excellency, General George Washington, President of the United States, and Lady Washington." Brother Albrecht had almost said: "His Majesty!" for which he could well be pardoned for no King who ever sat on a throne could compare with General Washington in majesty of figure, or in stately bearing. Most kings would look like footmen in his company. "His was a form indeed, where every god did seem to set his seal to give the world assurance of a man." He possessed in an eminent degree a native dignity and nobility of manner that required no adventitious ornament, or studied pose to make his presence imposing. There was no mark of the fictitious, tailor-made dignity of bearing about him as there was about Louis XIV, *le grand monarque*, whose high French heels were relied upon to give him increased stature and royal carriage, or even as there was a certain assumed, studied air of majesty about an immeasurably greater French ruler, the mighty Napoleon, who studied dignity and pose under Talma, the celebrated French tragedian. Washington towered above ordinary men with his six feet and two inches, and was as straight as an Indian's arrow, and when he walked was grace personified.

In a voice of great dignity of expression mingled with much kindness of manner and courtesy he acknowledged the salutations of the company. No one who has ever read any of Washington's letters, or State papers, can fail to be impressed with these qualities even when addressing people who merited his wrath and indignation. He was as dignified in his expressions of contempt for his enemies as he was in those of friendship.

He said: "It is a great pleasure to be once more in your town; to acknowledge again to a later generation the great services rendered the cause of liberty by the devoted Moravian brethren and their neighbors, during the dark days of the struggle for independence. I can never

forget the kindness bestowed upon my wounded and sick soldiers who found an asylum here among their most cherished possessions and sacred associations, nor the succor of food and raiment so cheerfully sent to those who hungered and suffered in the dreadful winter at Valley Forge. These services were inestimable and patriotic in the highest degree for they were self-sacrificing, the kind of service acceptable to the Most High."

Lady Washington, whose gentle demeanor captivated the hearts of all who came into her presence, leaning on the General's arm received the respectful greetings of the assembly, with a graceful inclination of the head, and smiling gravely; a most fitting consort for so great a man.

By an intuitive sense the company at once assigned to these two the place of honor, creating, as it were, "the pres-



BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

ence" to which homage must be given by all who entered. None refused that token of respect to Washington, not even

those who were his enemies, for even a number of those by some miserable *con-
tretemps* were later in the evening found to be present.

But a few moments elapsed after the remarks of Washington when "His Excellency, Doctor Benjamin Franklin" was announced by Brother Albrecht. A short thickset man, with a great round head covered with a profusion of hair silvered with age nestling in great curls about his sturdy neck, out of whose smooth-shaven face beamed two large eloquent eyes, stepped into the room, and made haste to reach the side of Washington, who met him with outstretched hand, greeting him most heartily and exclaiming:

"To what kind Providence am I indebted for this happy meeting, my dear old friend and philosopher, Poor Richard, without whose shrewd judgment and diplomacy our long struggle for independence would have been a failure. Ah, my friend, it was the French money and the French alliance you secured that gave us the victory."

"Nay, nay," cried Franklin, "neither French gold or the French alliance would have availed without the master mind. It was you and your great genius and fortitude in war that alone made it possible for me to obtain either gold or the much needed alliance."

And so these two illustrious men continued to remind each other of the great trials of the colonists in the building of the Nation, both disclaiming any special credit for the part they took in the great struggle, all of which conversation commanded the greatest attention from the listeners.

The friendly debate was interrupted by the entrance of the Marquis de Lafayette, whom Brother Albrecht had just announced.

"Your presence is most opportune to settle a difference of opinion"; cried Franklin, "our honored General will have it that to me is due the credit for bringing about the loan of French gold and the French alliance during the great war, and thus securing our independence, while I as firmly insist that but for his

generalship in the war, as well as his great firmness, I would have failed in my mission. I leave it to you, dear Marquis, to say who is right."

After a most cordial greeting from Washington, Lafayette replied:

"Alas, my dear Doctor, I was too long a member of General Washington's military family; was too closely identified with his plans, his struggles, and disappointments; knew too well his supreme courage in the midst of the most discouraging circumstances to say that he is right, and that you are wrong in your contentions. I do most heartily agree with you. But for his splendid leadership, patriotism, the French would never have come to your assistance. It was victories like that of Trenton, that won for you the aid of France."

The conversation now began to wax warm and animated; Washington showed his delight in meeting Lafayette again. The young French soldier twenty-five years his junior, the same age as Hamilton's another of his protégés, had from the first day they met at the beginning of the war, won his heart, and never was man more true or loyal than Lafayette to Washington. After inquiring after the health of the Marquise de Lafayette, Washington asked: "And how is my namesake, your son?" Lafayette had named his only son after his American friend. It was a custom begun long before the close of the Revolution, and is likely to continue to the end of time.

Unlike most men of the French nation Lafayette was tall and powerfully built, with broad shoulders and deep chest. His features were large and strongly marked.* He had much dignity of manner, and was of a quiet and self-possessed disposition. It has been said of him: "among all the eminent Frenchmen of the French Revolutionary period, he was perhaps the only one in whose career there is nothing to be really ashamed of." Of his absolute devotion to the American cause

*See *Thatcher's Military Journal*, p. 186.

and fidelity to Washington there can be no question whatever, and history records no nobler friendship than that which existed between these eminent men.

"Le Chevalier le Marquis de Chastellux!" came from the lips of Brother Albrecht. The attention of all in the assembly was drawn to the notable figure that now stepped up to General and Lady Washington to whom he seemed to be well-known and from both of whom he received a warm welcome. The amiable qualities of the Chevalier, aside from his services in Rochambeau's army, endeared him to Washington, for that great man was not all austerity. He had a taste, in fact, a longing for the lighter touches of human intercourse, the diversions that made him for the moment forget the weight of the grievous burden he was bearing. Many of his letters and the anecdotes of him that have come down to us show the intensely human side of his character. The chat with de Chastellux was much of this order, notwithstanding the fact that the Chevalier was a close observer and grave student of the institutions with which he came in contact. Washington often rallied him on his falling in love and becoming a ³⁴married man as he had frequently said that he would never be other than a bachelor.

The greeting from Franklin was no less warm. It soon transpired that he and the Chevalier had been for years on the most intimate terms, Franklin corresponding with him in the French language. In complimenting him on the publication of *Voyages dans l'Amerique Septentrionale* one of his recent works, Franklin laughingly took occasion to say: "the portrait you have made of our country and people is what in painting is called a handsome likeness for which

we are much obliged to you."³⁵ Then Franklin slipping his arm through that of the Chevalier drew him aside some little distance from the company where they were quickly engaged in a whispered conversation in which much quiet laughter found a place, the character of which may be suspected from the following words from the lips of Franklin overheard by a passer-by:

"Chevalier, dare I confess to you that I am your rival, with Madame G——? I need not tell you that I am not a dangerous one. I perceive that she loves you very much and so does my dear friend, your humble servant."

Vice-President, John Adams, who had been announced soon after Washington's entrance, found himself close to Franklin and de Chastellux, one of whom had been his colleague in France. He was conversant with Franklin's popularity with the ladies of France, and created a ripple of amusement as he maliciously inquired after the health of ³⁶Madame Helvetius, for everyone knew how Madame Helvetius threw her arms about the neck of *ce cher Franklin* at Passy. Adam's extreme vanity and coldblooded temperament was never agreeable to Franklin, and he never forgave him for the manner in which he was ignored in the negotiations for the Treaty of Peace with England in 1783. Franklin retorted by asking him if he was still taken for his cousin Samuel Adams, who was regarded as a hero by the French Court for his Cato-like demand upon the British to get out of Boston in 1770. French society immediately lost interest

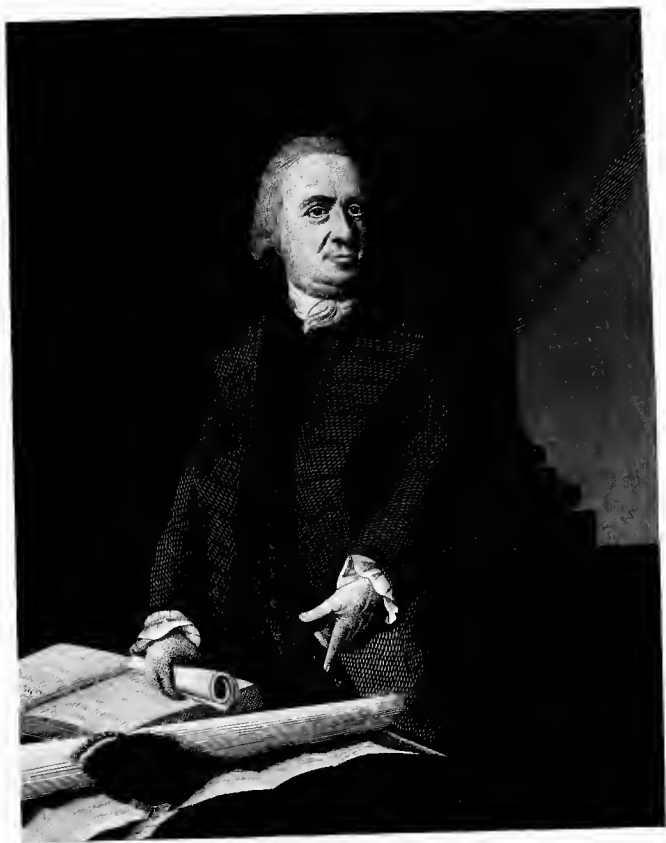
³⁵See *Letter to de Chastellux: Franklin's Works*, Vol. 9, p. 373, Bigelow's Edition.

³⁶"This lady I dined with at Dr. Franklin's. She entered the room with a careless, jaunty air; upon seeing ladies who were strangers to her, she bawled out, 'Ah! Mon dieu, where is Franklin? Why did you not tell me there were ladies here? How I look!' She ran out of the room! when she returned, the Doctor entered at one door, she at the other; upon which she ran forward to him, caught him by the hand, 'Helas! Franklin!' then gave him a double kiss, one upon each cheek and another upon his forehead. When we went into the room to dine, she was placed between the Doctor and Mr. Adams. She carried on the chief of the conversation at dinner, frequently locking her hand into the Doctor's and sometimes spreading her arms upon the backs of both the gentlemen's chairs, then throwing her arm carelessly upon the Doctor's neck."

Letters of Mrs. John Adams, pp. 252-3.

³⁴"In reading your friendly and acceptable letter, . . . I was as we may well suppose, not less delighted than surprised to meet the plain American words: my wife! a wife! well my dear Marquis. I can hardly refrain from smiling to find we are caught at last. . . . So your day has at length come. I am glad of it, with all my heart and soul. It is quite good enough for you."

Ford's: The True George Washington, p. 103.



Samuel Adams

Engraved for Drakes History of Boston.

in John Adams when it discovered that he was not "the great rebel," Samuel Adams. It will be remembered that Franklin won distinction as a gallant at the Court of Versailles as well as a diplomat. He was ever a great admirer of the ladies.

Just then Joseph Reed, President of Pennsylvania, who had entered the room a few moments before, after paying his respects to Washington, came straightway to where the two were standing. Franklin presented the Chevalier³⁷ as "a

than in the matter of the attempted negotiations by the British Admiral Howe in July 1776, who was appointed a special commissioner to treat with the Americans. Colonel Reed represented Washington at the meeting, which took place under a flag of truce, but inasmuch as the communication from Howe was addressed to "George Washington, Esquire" he declined to receive it. His reply also to the British Peace Commissioners when they attempted to bribe him with an offer of £10,000, together with



BARON RIEDESEL

soldier, a gentleman, and a man of letters"—one who had discovered the secret of public happiness which he confided to the world that it might be benefitted by his benefaction. Reed at one time was a great favorite of Washington, which meant a great deal; honor, merit, patriotic service—all these it took to become beloved of Washington. He became his military secretary after he was appointed to the command of the Continental army. Perhaps his devotion to Washington was nowhere better shown

any office in the Colonies in the gift of King George shows the stuff he was made of. He said: "I am not worth purchasing, but such as I am, the King of Great Britain is not rich enough to do it." Every schoolboy in former days knew this incident by heart. How many of the boys and girls are as familiar with it now in this Age of Graft?

There was a note of real downright pleasure in the next announcement as Brother Albrecht gave it in sonorous German: "Der Freiherr Friedrich Adolph von Riedesel und die Freiherrin." This addition to the company was of

³⁷See *Letter to Joseph Reed: Franklin's Works*, Vol. 7, p. 41, Bigelow's Edition.

rather a remarkable character as they were the first of the Inn's involuntary guests to accept the invitation to Colonel Morgan's reception. They were heartily welcome for their own sake; the Baron for his admirable traits of character, and the Baroness for her charming personality and great goodness of heart and charity as well as for her beauty. Both had been guests of the Inn, as prisoners of war after Burgoyne's surrender at Saratoga. They were favorably known to many that were present this evening. The Baron after paying his respects to Washington and Lady Washington, was introduced to the rest of the company, among them to Franklin, when this interesting conversation took place. The Baron addressing Franklin began:

"I have often wished for an opportunity like this that I might have speech with you. First, let me say, now that the war in which I was your enemy has long been over, I am heartily glad that you were victorious for I became convinced before I left America that the war was an unjust one and the position I was in, an ignoble one—that of a mere mercenary—the creature of a Prince, who had sold my services and the lives of the soldiers under me to a foreign ruler. I have rejoiced therefore many times that the illustrious soldier whom I have the great honor to meet here tonight, succeeded in defeating the English armies." "Nevertheless," he continued, assuming a grave air of injury, "I want to remind you Doctor Franklin, that you made my life miserable for a time with your ingenious and I must confess successful attempts to disorganize my *Hessian regiments in inducing them to desert with your confounded, cleverly worded and printed messages in the German, which you managed to scatter throughout my camp. They did desert for they had no heart in the war to begin with,

and less when they discovered that they were fighting fellow Hessians, for many of your Pennsylvania and Maryland Germans were of Hessian blood, and moreover when they learned that the old Baron von Steuben, Frederick the Great's aide-de-camp, was drilling your army it was "*Zum Teufel mit Koenig Georg dem Dritten*" after that. I wouldn't be surprised to find descendants of these same deserting Hessians present here tonight, for I am told that they and their sons became influential citizens, and acquired substantial wealth. I desire to congratulate them in spite of the sleepless nights they occasioned me."

A hearty laugh followed this outburst of the Baron von Riedesel in which Washington quietly joined for he had a hand in this scheme of Franklin's when it was first proposed. The merriment increased when the Baroness turned to Landlord Morgan, who had just come in from an adjoining room with an armfull of beautiful flowers which he had commenced to distribute among the ladies, Lady Washington being the first to receive this delicate compliment.

"Herr Colonel Morgan," cried the Baroness, "will you do me the favor to tell me what the charges are at this Inn, at the present day? I ask this out of a pardonable curiosity, I am sure, for the last time I was a guest here in company with my husband and children, besides General Phillips, and a small *entourage* we had to pay \$32,000 for six weeks' board and lodging. I have heard so much of the enormous increase in the cost of living at the present day that I am anxious to learn whether you have advanced the prices for accommodations here in proportion. I shall never forget the Sun Inn board bill presented by Herr Just Jansen,³⁸ and I thought him such a nice man too, and a Moravian as well. What has become of him?"

Unexpected as this sally of the Baroness was, Colonel Morgan was not at a loss for a reply.

*See: Letter from Franklin to Gates, August 28, 1776. *Works of Franklin*, Vol. 6, p. 16. Bigelow's Edition.

Also: *Writings of Washington*, Vol. 4, pp. 370-71. Ford's Edition.

³⁸See *Letters and Journals of Madame Riedesel*, Munsell's Edition, pp. 165-6.

"*Gnaedige Freiherrin*," he said presenting her with a beautiful bouquet of roses, "if I were permitted to charge one-half as much as old Jansen made you pay, I would own one-half of Bethlehem, and be buying back some of my ancestral acres, and a castle on the banks of the Rhine. My charges, I assure you, are quite reasonable as you shall see if you will honor this ancient inn with your presence again." "Perhaps," replied the Baroness, "we may be tempted to spend a summer here in the future. Aside from the *schreckliche* boardbill, my recollections of Bethlehem are most pleasant.

by them in his honor. Like Washington of whom he was a close rival in manly dignity he was over six feet in height and weighed over two hundred pounds and possessed of magnificent strength and endurance, while in beauty of features and expression he was equalled by few men of his time. His manners were quiet and refined; his bearing was noble, and his temper sweet, though his wrath was easily aroused by the sight of injustice. His conduct throughout life, like that of Washington, was regulated by the most rigid code of honor. It was not surprising, therefore, that he was a man



BARONESS RIEDESEL

The eating and drinking were all that the most fastidious could ask for, and you know we Germans insist upon having good food, and plenty of it.'

"Major-General Daniel Morgan" came in stentorian notes the announcement of the arrival of the famous rifleman of the Revolution. The entrance of General Morgan created something of a sensation, particularly among the ladies, who always adore a hero, and when that hero is also one of the handsomest of men there is no limit to the incense burned

after Washington's own heart, and that the welcome he received from him was something far above the perfunctory greeting usual at gatherings of this sort. Though born in New Jersey, he became a Virginian by adoption, and made the acquaintance of Washington, during the ill-fated Braddock expedition, where he assisted greatly in bringing away the wounded from the terrible disaster that overtook the British Commander. The acquaintance then begun ripened into the deepest friendship during the Revolu-

tionary war by reason of Morgan's quick march with his famous riflemen to the succor of Washington, at Boston; the splendid part he took in the battles of Freeman's Farm and Bemis Height, the counterpart of the services rendered by the heroic Herkimer at Oriskany, resulting in the surrender of Burgoyne at Saratoga, and the crowing glory of his career at the battle of the Cowpens, which enabled General Greene to drive Cornwallis to bay at Guilford Court House, leading finally to the *coup de grace* by Washington at Yorktown.

There was a note of affection as grasping with both hands the extended hand of Morgan, Washington exclaimed:

"You are most welcome my gallant, loyal friend. I am rejoiced to see you here tonight, to have again the opportunity after many years to recount in your presence the inestimable services you rendered the cause of liberty. Believe me the memory of Bemis Heights and the Cowpens has never faded from my heart. You and Herkimer and Stark, and poor Arnold first reversed the gloomy scene in the opening years of the Revolution."

Morgan's fine face flushed like a boy's at such praise, and in a low tone of voice he replied:

"You give me overmuch credit; I did but my duty which God vouchsafed me to see clearly and to do fully. The humblest of my riflemen did as much and loved his country in no smaller measure. I am grateful, believe me, my venerated Commander, for this expression of your friendship. No reward was ever so coveted as your word of commendation. Believe me, I shall cherish forever the memory of this meeting here in this quiet, beautiful Moravian town."

While this unusual greeting by Washington was going on, the company crowded close about these two splendid figures. Admiration shone from every eye while hearts swelled with pride at the thought that these two were the embodiment of the spirit that revolted against tyranny and finally achieved independence. Many and eager were the

hands that touched with warmest grasp those of the famous rifleman, and with it many a fine, sincere word of welcome.

But now, as if to cap the climax of this ovation to General Morgan, Brother Albrecht announced the name of Morgan's old commander in the southern campaign:

"Major-General Nathaniel Greene, Lady Greene, and the Misses Greene."

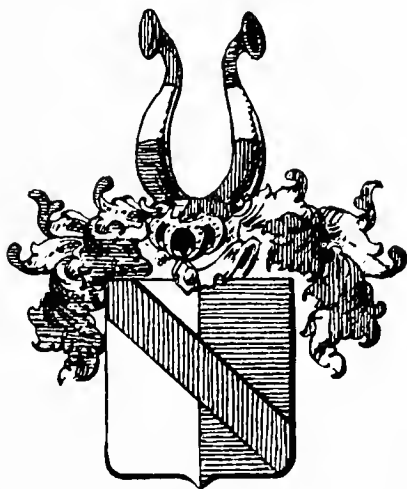
Then there was a commotion, for Greene was very popular and ranked in military ability and achievement next to Washington, and has even been considered by some as his superior in the higher qualities of military genius. His campaigns have been compared with those of Turenne and Wellington for the masterly strategy he displayed in forcing the movements of Cornwallis's army. Of Quaker parentage his career as one of the greatest fighters in the Revolutionary army was an anomaly, and excited heated comment in Quaker circles resulting eventually in his withdrawal from the Quaker Society. Like Weir Mitchell's "Hugh Wynne," he was a "fighting Quaker" as were many others at that time, and as many Moravians have become since the days when they were non-combatants. The militant spirit became pronounced in our Civil War when many of the Pennsylvania regiments were recruited from among the Moravians³⁹ and officered by them, many winning great distinction. The meeting between Greene and Washington was most impressive, and more so that it was in the company of Morgan. The pleasure of Washington at such a reunion of his generals was unmistakable, and the way they talked and listened and gesticulated, an onlooker would have thought that a council of war was in session debating some strategic movement of the utmost importance.

"I have just expressed my great pleasure in meeting the hero of the Cowpens again," said Washington to

³⁹"General William E. Doster and others." See Bishop Levering's *History of Bethlehem*, pp. 742-50.



BARON FRIEDRICH WILHELM VON STEUBEN



VON STEUBEN

General Greene, "and I am sure all I said in praise of that brilliant victory and the subsequent forced marching to effect a junction with your forces would have been fully seconded by you. Our friend is as modest as he is brave."

Greene putting his arm about Morgan replied, "Nothing, General, that you can say in the highest praise of of this my old and trusted friend and comrade can be otherwise than deserved, and would meet with my



A GENTLEMAN OF THE OLD SCHOOL.

warmest endorsement. He and his riflemen were Paladins. You remember what Burgoyne said to him at Saratoga after the surrender: "My dear sir, you command the finest regiment in the world."

He had good reason to say all of that. Then Washington turning to where Lady Washington was deep in conversation with Lady Greene and

her daughters he expressed his delight at meeting her again, and that she had not forgotten to bring her beautiful daughters with her."

"And which one is Martha, and which Cornelia?" One of General Greene's daughters was named after Lady Washington, and both were pupils at the Moravian seminary after the close of the Revolution as were other daughters of Revolutionary soldiers and statesmen.⁴⁰

Lady Greene was tall and "of a stately dignity" and dressed in rich brocade and lace with a long sweeping train, making a striking figure; she was, as she was once described by one who saw her in the old days of Bethlehem, "a pattern lady⁴¹ of the old school," a fit companion for a "gentleman of the old school."

It seemed as if Colonel Morgan, our hospitable landlord, had in mind to give Washington one of the most pleasurable evenings of his life, and most admirably did he succeed, for nothing could have given the old Commander-in-Chief so much enjoyment as this reunion of his old comrades in arms. It was the antipodes of the sad parting at Fraunces Tavern, in New York City, so many years ago, the only Inn, by the way, that can in any way be regarded as a rival in historic interest and associations to the Sun Inn.

There was a broad smile on the honest German countenance of Brother Albrecht as in his finest German accent he announced; "der Freiherr und General, Friedrich Wilhelm von Steuben."

It seemed to do the old Thuringian Seneschal a world of good to usher in men of the old high-born German race. There was strong within him the old Teutonic pride of blood and birth, a trait that is dominant to this day in descendants of the forefathers of this interesting locality. Many of the lead-

⁴⁰"Lee, Sumter, Huger, Alston, Bayard, Heister, Morton, Butler, Sergeant, Bleecker, Lansing, Livingston, Roosevelt, etc." *Moravian Seminary Souvenir*, p. 138.

⁴¹*Moravian Seminary Souvenir*, p. 51.

ing men in the Pennsylvania German churches and communities were men of gentle birth and culture—the peers of the best in other Colonial settlements, a fact that is slowly making its way to the knowledge of present-day historians of the United States. The horizon of American history has been vastly enlarged since the days of Bancroft and Hildreth. The discovery has been made of the existence of other races than that of the English who played as great a part in the making of the Nation, a part that any race

events during the Revolutionary period is the familiar one seen in the reproductions of the historic painting: "Steuben at Valley Forge." In the midst of a dreary, snowclad landscape, dotted with the soldiers' rude log huts is seen Steuben before a detachment of half-clad and half-starved soldiers with rifle in hand exemplifying the manual of arms. In that awful winter began a systematic course of drilling and tactics, something quite unknown previous to his advent, that was eventually extended



THE DAUGHTERS OF BARONESS RIEDESEL

may be proud of, and one worthy of emulation in the centuries to come.

Of all the foreign military men who offered their services to the struggling revolutionists, Baron von Steuben was by far the ablest, and the services he rendered of the greatest value to the American cause. In a spirit of grand self-abnegation, and an unselfish love of liberty he assumed the thankless temper-trying task of a drill sergeant of the American army. One of the most inspiring sights in the whole series of

throughout the entire American forces and which bore ample fruit in future campaigns as at the Battle of Monmouth, where Steuben rallied the retreating and disorganized troops of the blatherskite General, Charles Lee.

Hamilton who witnessed the steady action of the troops under Steuben said: "He had never known till that day the value of discipline."

In spite of Steuben's choleric temper often provoked to the explosive point by the awkwardness of the recruits, he was beloved by the soldiers for his kindness

towards them and the sympathy he showed for them in caring for them in their sufferings. As Carnot was Napoleon's great organizer of victory so was Steuben, Washington's great organizer and disciplinarian.⁴²

Steuben wrote the first Manual for the order and regulation of the United States army, and subsequent manuals are an evolution from this work of the old drill master.

profoundest respect for each other's great ability; both of noble nature and given more to deeds than to speech. The conversation that ensued was carried on in subdued tones by both; the Baron in his broken English expressing his great pleasure at meeting his old Commander again, and Washington in no wise behind him in showing his own delight. One may be assured that in the long winter at Valley Forge Washington and



SISTER BENADE

The meeting of Washington and Steuben was a sight long remembered by the guests of that memorable evening. There was a long, silent hand grasp with deep emotion plainly visible on their strong impassive countenances. There was ever between these two soldiers the

Steuben had many confidential hours. A seasoned veteran of the great Frederick was too valuable an acquisition not to be made the most of, and Washington was never reluctant to learn of anyone where his own knowledge could be bettered.

General Greene also showed his pleasure at meeting the old Baron for Steuben was one of his greatest lieutenants in the great Southern campaign. He

⁴²"Sensible, sober and brave; well acquainted with tactics and with the arrangement and discipline of an army. High in his ideas of subordination and impetuous in his temper, ambitious." Note on Steuben, *Washington's Writings*, Vol. XII, p. 507.

exclaimed: "Baron, it does my soul good to meet you again; it seems like the old days in the trenches before Yorktown, when so many of us here who are present tonight were making the last victorious fight for this beloved land: Lafayette, Morgan, and the rest. We must fight the battles all over again tonight," he laughingly continued.

Steuben replied, "I would have been better satisfied with aught else than keeping that scoundrel Arnold in check, with my handful of riflemen, while you were carrying out '*ein grosses Kriegsspiel*'—in which I had some experience while serving under the great Frederick."

"Believe me, my dear Baron," replied Greene, "no other man could have done what you did in aiding me, in playing as you call it, the grand game of war for it meant the close of the great struggle and the glory of it was as much yours as mine; the glory is everlasting for all who did their duty in the part assigned them in those heroic days. You never failed, dear Baron, in doing yours, never!"

General Greene had hardly finished speaking when Brother Albrecht was heard announcing: "The Count Casimir Pulaski." There was a real thrill of excitement as the picturesque looking figure of the young Polish nobleman stepped up to General Washington. He was another of Washington's young protégés, a distinction earned by the most brilliant service. His experience abroad had been of the most varied kind. A revolutionist in Poland, and failing in his efforts to free his country from the thralldom of Russia, and after wandering about Europe, his estates confiscated, and himself declared an outlaw, he found himself in 1777, at the early age of twenty-nine, on American soil where he at once attached himself to the American cause becoming a member of Washington's staff, taking part soon after in the Battle of Brandywine, where he quickly proved his ability as a soldier. His military capacity and swift action facilitated the retreat of the American forces for which service he was rewarded with a Brigadier-General's

commission, and placed in charge of the cavalry.

His Legion formed some time after this, became famous during the short period he was permitted to fight in the cause of liberty. He died from the results of a wound received in the siege of Savannah in 1779, mourned by all who knew his worth as a soldier and as a man.

Washington's welcome was of the most flattering nature. He had learned to respect the great ability of the dashing young officer, and sympathized with him in the efforts he had made for the emancipation of his native land. In the conversation that followed many references were made to the sojourn at Valley Forge. Franklin also joined in giving him a pleasant welcome for it was he who really induced Pulaski, whom he met in Paris, to enroll himself under the banner of the American colonists. The friendly greetings that were showered upon him on every side gave the young Polish soldier a delightful experience.

In the midst of these greetings the sound of low, sweet music was heard as if at a great distance, but becoming more distinct every moment, and swelling in volume when the music began to be accompanied by singing.

As Brother Albrecht stepped aside at the entrance of the salon, a procession of Moravian Sisters led by the Sister Benade entered, carrying a crimson silk banner beautifully embroidered, and singing as they approached Pulaski the following hymn:

"Take thy banner! May it wave
Proudly o'er the good and brave,
When the battle's distant wail
Breaks the Sabbath of our vale,
When the clarion's music thrills
To the hearts of these heroic hills,
When the spear in conflict shakes,
And the strong lance shivering breaks.

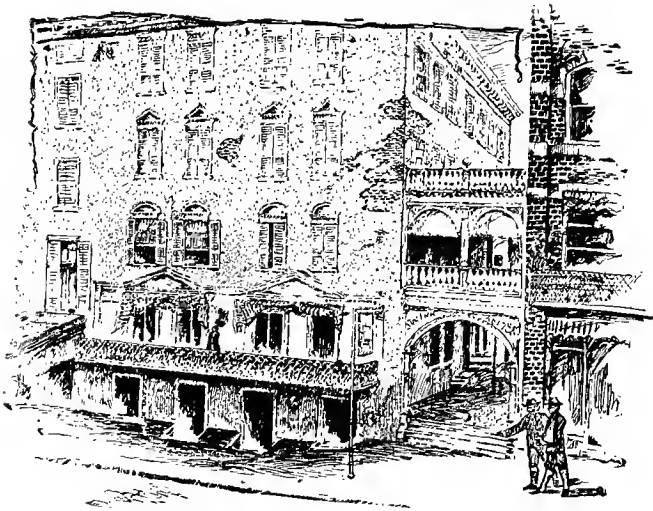
Take thy banner! and beneath
The battle-cloud's encircling wreath,
Guard it, till our homes are free!
Guard it! God will prosper thee!
In the dark and trying hour,

In the breaking forth of power,
In the rush of steeds and men,
His right hand will shield you then."⁴³

The sensation this entry of the Moravian Sisters made was most intense. All recognized the crimson banner as the one embroidered by the Moravian Sisters during Pulaski's so-

jour at Bethlehem, while he was planning the formation of his famous Legion and where he was also visiting Lafayette, who lay there wounded. The quaint garb of the Sisters was most impressive in the midst of the gay and fashionably dressed assembly, making a picture and a contrast never to be forgotten.

⁴³Composed by Henry W. Longfellow.



The Sun Inn as it appears at the present day. Entrance seen through the archway.

CHAPTER III



ISHOP Ettwein, the famous Moravian Brother on whose shoulders rested the bulk of the burdens and responsibilities of the Community during the Revolutionary period, who had entered the drawing room with the Sisters now stepped forward and after paying his respects to Washington and Lady Washington who greeted him most warmly for they were friends of long standing spoke as follows: "Your Excellency and friends: I cannot refrain from adding something to the sentiment of the beautiful hymn sung in honor of the valiant soldier, the Count Pulaski, whom we learned to love and to admire during his stay with us in the sad days of the Revolution. We Moravians can never forget his chivalric treatment of the Sisters in the spring of 1778; the protection he afforded them, surrounded as they were by a rough and uncouth soldiery, sometimes forgetful of the courtesy and respect due to womanhood, and how he himself often in person shared the duties of the sentinel he had appointed as a special guard around the precincts of their House; nor the May day he attended divine worship in our chapel with his Legion in martial array. In spite of our creed which forbade a warlike spirit we could not feel otherwise than thankful that there was stationed in our community so gallant a soldier and so redoubtable a body of followers.⁴⁴ Right worthily did he bear himself during his stay and with much sadness we saw him depart on that long journey south to the home of our dear friend Henry Laurens the honored President of Congress, where he was to win great glory and lasting fame."

The reception accorded the Sisters, whose spokesman the beloved Bishop

Ettwein had become, was an enthusiastic one, for all in that assembly had intimate knowledge of their devoted lives, and their services to the cause of liberty, which many like Washington, Greene, Ethan Allen, the Bayards Livingstons, and Lee family showed their appreciation of, after the close of the Revolution by sending them their daughters or relatives to be educated. The training young ladies received in those far off days fitted them for the most exalted spheres of life and was in no wise impaired by the note of simplicity and utilitarianism that was dominant throughout.

The useful arts as well as the ornamental branches were taught by the Sisters and were specially pleasing to Washington who hated sham and idleness, as any one may discover who will read his homilies to his nephew and niece. Spinning, knitting and weaving were among the accomplishments of the Sisters and it is said that Washington supplied himself with domestic goods from the "first domestic manufactories of the land" as he styled the weaving department carried on in the Sisters' House.⁴⁵ Here he made selection of "blue stripes" for his lady and "stout woolen hose" for himself.

Bishop Ettwein's reference to Henry Laurens brings to mind the close friendship that was formed between them at Bethlehem and which continued unbroken to their lives' end. The intimacy thus formed became on many occasions of the greatest service to the Moravian Community, notably so in the month of September, 1777. While Brother Ettwein was conducting the lately arrived Delegates to Congress through the Widows' and Sisters' Houses, he took occasion to plead for their inmates, whose removal from their homes had been urged by the surgeons in charge to meet the grow-

⁴⁴Moravian Seminary Souvenir, p. 39.

⁴⁵Moravian Seminary Souvenir. Foot note, p. 38.

Bethlehem September the 22^d 1777

Having here observed a humane and diligent attention to the sick and wounded, and a benevolent desire to make the necessary provision for the relief of the distressed, as far as the powers of the Brethren can enable them. We desire that all Continental Officers may refrain from disturbing the persons or property of the Moravians in Bethlehem, and particularly that they do not disturb or molest the Houses where the women are assembled. Given under our hands at the time and place above mentioned

Nathan Brownson	Richard Henry Lee	} <i>Signatures to Congress</i>
Nath ^l . Folsom	Wm. Lutz	
Richard Lutz	Count Plamette	
John Hancock	Henry Laurens	
Samuel Adams	Henry Harrison	
Elyah Dyer	Jos. Jones	
Ja ^s . Duane	John Adams	
	Henry Marchant	
	Wm. Williams	

ing wants of the army hospital which had been established here. The appeal resulted in Laurens, as President of Congress, authorizing Richard Henry Lee to make the following order which was signed by the Delegates to Congress present at Bethlehem, all of whom were the guests of the Sun Inn, where a facsimile reproduction of the original order and autographs of the signers can be seen at the present day.⁴⁶

Bethlehem, 22d. Sept., 1777.

"Having here observed a diligent attention to the sick and wounded, and a benevolent desire to make the necessary provision for the relief of the distressed as far as the power of the Brethren enables them.

"We desire that all Continental officers may refrain from disturbing the persons or property of the Moravians in Bethlehem; and, particularly, that they do not disturb or molest the houses where the women are assembled."

"Der Baron und General, Johann von Kalb" from the lips of Brother Albrecht announced the entry of the celebrated German soldier who like Steuben became a devoted supporter of the American cause, eventually giving up his life in the Southern campaign under Gates. He was in command of the Delaware and Maryland troops at the disastrous battle of Camden in which he received eleven wounds, fighting against overwhelming odds. No more heroic figure ever drew sword in battle. "Bareheaded and dismounted, with sword in hand, he engaged in one personal encounter after another, encouraging his men with his voice as well as his example." He died three days after the battle and was buried at Camden, where a monument was erected to his memory.

In passing, attention may be called to the interesting historic fact, that men of German blood and lineage played a much larger part in the Rev-

olutionary struggle than is generally known or suspected. German soldiers, mercenaries, constituted probably a majority of the British forces. The records show that 29,867 Hessian troopers came to America of which number only 17,313 returned.⁴⁷ Of the remaining 12,554, more than 5,000 deserted, either making common cause with the Americans as combatants or identifying themselves with the communities in which they found a refuge. Many of their descendants can be



GENERAL DANIEL MORGAN

found in Pennsylvania, Virginia, and Maryland today. Over 7,000 were killed, or died of wounds or sickness.

The greatest number of soldiers under British officers in any one of the Revolutionary battles was 20,000 at the battle of Long Island August 26, 1776, where so many Pennsylvania Germans were

⁴⁶John Hancock, Samuel Adams, James Duane, Nathan Brownson, Nathaniel Folsom, Richard Law, Eliphalet Dyer, Henry Marchant, Richard Henry Lee, Henry Laurens, William Duer, Cornelius Har-
nett, Benjamin Harrison, Joseph Jones, John Adams, William Williams.

"Delegates to Congress."

⁴⁷See Lowell's "Hessians in the Revolution," pp. 299-301.

present. At the battle of Brandywine Sept. 11, 1777 the British forces under Howe numbered 18,000 and 15,000 at Germantown Oct. 4, 1777.

At Monmouth, June 28, 1778, Sir Henry Clinton's army numbered only 11,000, and at Charleston May 12, 1780 but 9,000, while Lord Cornwallis commanded only 7,500 men when he surrendered his army at Yorktown Oct. 19, 1781. Burgoyne surrendered with but 6,000 men to Gates at Saratoga Oct. 7, 1777.

Generals Knyphausen, von Heister, von Riedesel and Rahl, the commanders of the Hessians were veteran soldiers who were trained in the school of Frederick the Great in the Seven Years' War and in military capacity were the superiors of the English commanders. The service in America was extremely distasteful to the German officers. When Knyphausen returned to Europe in 1782 broken in health and minus an eye, he voiced the opinion of the German officers⁴⁸ when he said he had "achieved neither glory nor advancement."

The German element in the Continental army was a large and most important one and on several occasions a decisive factor for the American cause. The battle of Oriskany fought under the heroic Herkimer was fought and won by the Germans of the Mohawk valley and Schoharie. The story of the achievements of Morgan's famous riflemen is the recital of the valor of soldiers of German blood, for more than half of his gallant companies were Germans from Virginia, Maryland and Pennsylvania. The rifle with which his corps was armed was a German weapon brought from Germany by the first settlers, many of whom had been soldiers, and perfected by the Pennsylvania German gunmakers into the firearm that wrought such havoc with British officers during the Revolution and in the war of 1812.

The muster rolls, of Bucks, Lancaster, York, Berks, Old Northampton, Mont-

gomery and the border counties as far west as Westmoreland County reveal an overwhelming German element in their makeup, showing not only its numerical preponderance but the intense patriotism of the Pennsylvania German, and devotion to the cause of liberty. A list of German officers in our Revolutionary army headed with the names of Herkimer and Muhlenberg to the Captaincies in the militia would present a formidable appearance and prove to be an instructive chapter in the history of the American Revolution. When to these we add the names of Steuben, and Kalb, soldiers who had served under Frederick the Great with distinction, we cannot fail to be impressed with the great part played by men of German blood in our war of Independence and to wonder that so little has been said in American histories in praise of their achievements and patriotism. Not until the record of their work in the building of the nation shall have been as fully and faithfully set forth as the achievements of men of English blood have been in the past, can it be said that we have a really true and impartial history of the American people.

In the midst of the festivities now growing more animated with every new arrival a strange hubbub was heard in the hall of the Inn in which raucous sounds, guttural alien speech were mingled with the energetic protests of Brother Albrecht in his half English and half German accents finally ending in the announcement by the faithful Albrecht of "die heidnischen unmenschlichen Indianer der wildniss" with several muttered side remarks in German not intended for the ears of the company assembled—among them expressions like: "die schändlich niederträchtig Hunde" etc.

Now took place the most imposing spectacle that had yet been enacted this memorable evening. Fifty-one chiefs and warriors of the Iroquois Confederacy or Six Nations entered the drawing room much to the disgust of Brother Albrecht who had attempted to limit the number to the Chiefs, but without avail and who had moreover vivid recollections

⁴⁸Col. von Donop's dying words at Red Bank were: "I die the victim of ambition and of the avarice of my sovereign." See *De Chastellux*, Vol. 1, p. 223.

of the visit long since, of the celebrated Teedyuscung and his unwashed followers, across the Lehigh at "The Crown," the ancient predecessor of the "Sun Inn" and of the rejoicings of Ephraim Colver, the long suffering publican, when they had departed for the lands of the Wyoming and he could sleep in peace and cleanliness once more.

The Indian visitors were headed by Red Jacket or Sa-go-ye-wat-ha (He keeps them awake) the famous warrior and orator of the Seneca nation frequently called the Indian Demosthenes.



RED JACKET

With him was the noted Cornplanter, the first temperance lecturer in the United States, the uncompromising foe of strong drink in the Indian nations.

There were also Good Peter or Dominic Peter, Big Tree, Farmer's Brother, Little Billy, Captain Shanks, the Infant, or Hanangaikhon, the tallest warrior in the Six Nations, measuring fully six feet

and four inches, and Pierre Jaquette or Otsiquette the young and intelligent Oneida chief who had been adopted into the family of Lafayette and taken to France at the close of the Revolution to be educated.

Red Jacket in spite of his antagonism to the arts of civilized life appeared this evening wearing the richly embroidered scarlet jacket which had been presented to him by an English officer soon after the Revolution as a reward for his fleetness of foot in a running contest, and which gave him the nickname by which he is best known to the American people. He also wore the medal of solid silver which Washington gave him on the conclusion of a treaty of peace between the United States and the Six Nations in 1792. His tall erect form and dignity of manner in walking made him an impressive figure, while his address when speaking at Council meetings has never been surpassed for majesty by any of the great orators of the white race. In spite of his implacable hostility to Christianity he was most friendly to the Moravian Brethren whose unselfish devotion to the Indian race he had long been cognizant of and reluctantly acknowledged. "The majority of the party were dressed in white linen shirts, short woollen coats, Indian leggins, consisting of a piece of cloth bound around the calf of the leg with thongs, and snugly fitting moccasins of deerskin, which latter the wearer is wont to dip into cold water in winter before going abroad in order to protect the feet from frost. A number had the sleeves of their coats adorned with large plates of silver, or wore trinkets of the same material on their bosoms. Some had silver rings and pendants inserted through the cartilage of the nose; most of them wore massive ear-rings of silver or copper, which by their weight drew down the extrem-

ity of the ear and lengthened the slit through which they were passed. Their faces were curiously painted in red, and vermilion was strewed on the lock of hair left on the crown. A few carried rifles, the rest were equipped with tomahawk, knife, tobacco pouch, and the trusty bow and arrows. The more civilized were dressed somewhat after the manner of the whites, wearing in place of cloaks, the favorite blanket around the shoulders, and on their head uncouth caps of fur."⁴⁹

No guest in the Assembly was more astonished at the entrance of the dusky procession than Landlord Morgan who began to say things that were more forcible than poetical, and particularly so when he expressed himself in the Pennsylvania German *patois*. "*Wass is loss da!*" he exclaimed "*wass fa dumma socha sin do?*" *Ich hud sie net all eingelauten; usht en halb dutzen oder so und do kumma finfzig oder sechszig—wass muss der Washington denka?*" It was not until he had seen Washington shake hands with Red Jacket and his followers and had been assured by the Rev. Samuel Kirkland the Presbyterian clergyman and missionary who had accompanied them that they were all sober, that he became reconciled to their presence in the midst of the grand company he had brought together. Even then he was seen to shake his head vigorously during the rest of the evening and to hold confidential talk with Brother Albrecht, much to that worthy's discomfort and evident annoyance.

The entrance of Sir William Johnson still further mollified Landlord Morgan when he noticed the effect his presence produced upon the Indians. The moment they caught sight of his dignified and pleasing figure they be-

gan to cry out: "Wariaghejaghe! Wariaghejaghe!" the name given him when he was adopted by the Mohawk nation. After paying his respects to Washington and Lady Washington, whom he reached with much difficulty, so enthusiastic was the reception given him by the Indian chiefs and warriors, he began to converse with them in the Indian tongue which he spoke fluently. It is said that no white man that ever lived possessed so great an influence over the Indian tribes as Sir William Johnson.

He cultivated their friendship by accommodating himself to their manners



SIR WILLIAM JOHNSON

and sometimes to their dress and by his unflinching justice and honesty in his dealings with them he won their entire confidence and became the most powerful personality on the Indian borders. His marriage to Catharine Wiesenbergh, daughter of one of the German Palatines of the Livingston Manor who subsequently settled in the Mohawk Valley gave him additional standing and influence among the Germans of that region. The proverbial fidelity of the Indian

⁴⁹"The day after their arrival (March 9, 1792) the Brethren gave them a formal reception in the chapel. The pupils of the Seminary, at their special request were among the spectators, and participated in the ceremonies of the occasion. The Indians were seated across the length of the hall in two semicircular rows facing the minister's table, which stood against the west wall of the building. After the performance of an anthem with full accompaniment by the choir, Bishop Ettwein made them an address, to which Red Jacket responded." *Moravian Seminary Souvenir*, p. 102.

character when once their friendship has been given was amply shown on this evening. The delight and demonstrative pleasure manifested by these stern impassive warriors was a remarkable exhibition and long remembered by the guests of the evening.

Even Brother Albrecht began to think that he had been perhaps too harsh in his judgment of the Indian guests when he saw how amiably and decently they behaved during the evening after the advent of Sir William Johnson, and how great was the interest shown by Washington in Red Jacket and his fellow chieftains. He had no knowledge of the invitation from Washington to Red Jacket to meet him at Philadelphia to discuss a treaty with the Six Nations, or he might have understood something of the assurance with which these sons of the forest forced their way into the drawing room. No place in their estimation was too sacred in which to meet the great White Father and particularly so on Moravian soil which to the Indian was always a refuge of safety or comfort in case of need. The Moravians were not behind the Jesuits in their friendly, kindly treatment of the Indians.

Attention was diverted from the Indian chiefs by the entry of General Thomas Gage, the Commander of the British forces at Bunker Hill. In meeting Washington he renewed an old acquaintance formed in the first instance in the Braddock Expedition in which he was wounded. While Washington was covering the retreat of Braddock's panic stricken soldiers, Gage, then a Lieut. Colonel, rallied a few of his troopers and succeeded in taking the mortally wounded Braddock to a place of safety. Gage in the course of his conversation with Washington recalled the events of that disastrous venture to the Forks of the Ohio, as being the occasion that first gave the English government some idea of his military capacity and energy, the full extent of which was to be realized on many a hard fought battle field in the Revolution.

Referring to the defeat of the British arms in that great struggle Gage frankly acknowledged that Washington's role as a peacemaker between the Colonies and the Mother Country was infinitely more successful than his own part when he attempted in Boston in the year 1774 to adjust the differences that divided the two countries. In calling Washington "a peacemaker," he meant, the successful general after a successful campaign. He realized, he said, that mere talk and threats such as he indulged in before the battle of Bunker Hill made no impression on a people who felt the justice of their cause and were prepared to battle and die for it if need be.

During this conversation John Hancock and Samuel Adams had joined the group that surrounded Washington and by whom they were introduced to Gage who immediately recognized them as old Boston acquaintances whom alone he had exempted from pardon in his proclamation promising clemency to all rebellious New Englanders. He intended to hang Hancock and Samuel Adams. Laughing he shook hands cordially with them expressing his great pleasure at meeting them again and reminding them that "it was one of the attributes of humanity to be at fault occasionally in its judgment of men and things, and that he had become convinced long since that the Colonists had just cause for grievance at the ill treatment of the home government. The narrow nature of George III and his fatuous advisers was responsible for the loss of the American Colonies to the English Crown, an irreparable loss, but he believed best though for mankind," a sentiment heartily applauded by Hancock and Adams, who had long ago forgiven him his vindictive manifesto. Franklin who overheard the conversation quietly smiled in that sagacious manner of his that became famous on two continents. It was truly a great gathering of old time friends now rejoicing in the blessings of peace and in the success of whilom rebels.

The announcement by Brother Albrecht of the arrival of General Richard

Montgomery and General John Sullivan added greatly to the stir and interest that was manifested in the now crowded drawing room. It will be remembered that Montgomery and Sullivan received their commissions as Brigadier Generals in the Continental Army on the same day; both young men and in the prime of life. Both were figures of surpassing interest to the company—Montgomery for his gallant ill fated invasion of Canada and Sullivan for his successful expedition against the Indians of the Six Nations, and both were welcomed with every evidence of respect and admiration—Sullivan receiving quite an ovation from Red Jacket and his fellow chiefs and followers. The Indian nature is generous in its recognition of a brave and talented foeman and Sullivan received a proof of it this evening.

Montgomery was a most attractive figure; he was "tall, of fine military presence, of graceful address, with a bright, magnetic face, winning manners and had the bearing of a prince." So he was described on the eve of his departure from Saratoga on his Canadian Campaign.

General Gage had reason to study the personality of Montgomery with more than ordinary interest inasmuch as his own exploits at Boston were contrasted with those of Montgomery's in Canada and to his disadvantage. Montgomery's untimely death was mourned by friends and enemies alike, both paying tribute to his valor. In the British parliament, Edmund Burke, contrasted the condition of "the 8,000 men, starved, disgraced and shut up within the single town of Boston, with the movements of the hero who in one campaign had conquered two thirds of Canada." To which Lord North replied: "I cannot join in lamenting the death of Montgomery as a public loss. Curse on his virtues! they've undone his country. He was brave; he was able; he was humane; he was generous, but still he was only a brave, able, humane, and generous rebel." "The term rebel," retorted Fox, "is no certain mark of disgrace. The great asserters

of liberty, the saviors of their country, the benefactors of mankind in all ages, have been called rebels."

Of a sudden in the midst of the festivities, above the lively hum of conversation, the hearty salutations and good natured laughter was heard the distant sound of muffled drums and fifes, playing a stirring war-like march that made all comrades in arms present, stand at attention. Hurried steps were heard coming through the hall and a messenger hastily entering the drawing room quickly elbowed his way to Washington with whom he held a whispered conversation at the end of which Washington strangely moved, turned to Generals Greene, Morgan, Steuben and Kalb and in a voice that almost trembled with emotion addressed them: "My old comrades: I have but this moment received a message that may well disturb the poise of the strongest man. Dear as is the memory of this beautiful town to me by reason of the many splendid services and loyalty shown the cause of liberty in many a dark hour of our great struggle for Independence by the Brethren here, yet I have been often saddened by the thought of the hundreds of my brave soldiers who have bivouacked these many years on the hospitable Moravian soil; who succumbed to disease and to wounds notwithstanding the skill and tender nursing of the Sisters and Brethren, to the faithfulness of which you will, I am sure, bear glad testimony my old friend," turning to Lafayette who had joined the little group of Generals. Continuing Washington said: "Among these were many Virginians, some of whom were members of your corps of riflemen, General Morgan; most of them gallant young men, choice spirits, too young to die. In some strange mysterious way they have learned of my presence here tonight and have begged me to grant them the favor of a review as at Valley Forge and at Brandywine. They will be on the march presently and I request you and

those assembled here to share with me the honor of their salutes."

Then was witnessed another strange sight on this memorable night of wonderful experiences. The spectral forms of nearly a thousand Continental soldiers⁵⁰ and Riflemen in the well known Continental buff and blue uniforms and the Riflemen's buckskin jackets and leggins came marching up the street toward the old Inn, where stood Washington surrounded by the Generals and

ing arms wheeling again at the command of "Platoons right! carry arms!"⁵¹

This incident affected Washington profoundly as well as General Morgan who recognized among the Riflemen many of his young Virginia backwoods friends. Steuben too, was filled with strong emotion when he noticed among the Continental soldiers numbers of the recruits he had drilled at Valley Forge, and Lafayette also when he saw some whom he had met while he himself lay wounded at Bethlehem. The sight of these old veterans of the Revolutionary armies brought back innumerable incidents of the war to the memory of the officers assembled. The dangers of battle, the pangs of hunger and fatigue on the long and lonely marches were realized again by them all as they looked upon the marching columns. The silent salutes impressed them more than salvos of artillery or loud huzzas.

During the excitement created by the passing of the Continental soldiers and Riflemen several announcements were made by Brother Albrecht, and when Washington with his escort of officers returned to the drawing room quite an accession to the number of guests was apparent. Conspicuous among them were a number of officers who seemed to gravitate to each other by some mysterious influence. Their presence created much surprise and embarrassment by reason of their well known antagonism to Washington in the early days of the Revolution. The two most prominent in the group were Generals Gates and Conway the leaders of the famous "Conway cabal" which for a brief time came near controlling the deliberations of the Continental Congress in their endeavor to displace Washington as Commander-in-Chief and putting Gates into his place. The capture of Burgoyne at Saratoga proved too much for the vanity of General Gates. He developed



DE LAFAYETTE (after Houdon)

officers present, marching in solid ranks and in perfect alignment with arms at a carry. As they neared their commander the command of "Platoons right, present arms!" was heard and platoon after platoon of the long procession wheeled with beautiful precision, facing Washington and present-

⁵⁰"The house of the single men was turned into a hospital—It is incredible how many perished for want of proper care and attention and the hospital being unsupplied with drugs. Pointing to an adjoining field the head of the Society said: "There he buried seven or eight hundred of the American soldiers who died here during the winter.'" *Anburey's Travels*, Vol. 11, pp. 512-13.

⁵¹The writer fears that he has been guilty of an anachronism here, and trusts that his army friends will forgive him.

very quickly a "swelled head" in the parlance of the present day, which only attained normal proportions after his defeat at Camden in the disastrous Southern campaign where he was superseded by Greene.

Landlord Morgan in his generous invitations to the old guests of the famous Inn overlooked the fact that perhaps some of the guests might be *persona non grata* to Washington which was the case so far as Gates and Conway were concerned, notwithstanding that Conway in a letter to Washington acknowledged the great wrong he had done him. Generals Sullivan and Schuyler were seen to scowl furiously when they saw Gates in close conversation with Conway—while the New Englanders present avoided meeting them. A number of these worthies were involved in the beginning of the Cabal with Gates in the effort to deprive Washington of the chief command. Washington's exposure of Gates however as a liar and the author of certain dishonorable correspondence made the New England members of the Continental Congress ashamed of their conduct, the memory of which they sought to keep in the background this night by avoiding anything like cordiality in a meeting with Gates or Conway.⁵² Sullivan and Schuyler had ample reason to dislike Gates. His treatment of Schuyler and of Arnold before and after the battle of Saratoga was contemptible and was productive of great harm to the American cause. Sullivan's generous Irish blood asserted itself when he exclaimed to Schuyler: "There's the coward responsible for Arnold's undoing." Arnold's brilliant work at Saratoga and at Freeman's Farm and the cowardly conduct of Gates were so well known to the army officers that there was always more or less sympathetic feeling for Arnold among them, in spite of his treason.

By a strange coincidence just as Sullivan made his reference to Arnold, the announcement was heard: "Major John Andre!" There was possibly no incident during the eventful evening that so fully marked the extraordinary character of Landlord Morgan's reception as the entry of Andre, representing as he did the most tragic event in the Revolutionary struggle. The engaging personality of the handsome young officer at once won for him the warm friendly sentiments of the assembly. Even Washington's kindly regard, was shown in the manner in which he welcomed him. During the evening not the least reference was made by anyone in conversation with him to any of the unhappy incidents that so tragically closed his career. It was the refined, polished gentleman who was recognized, and graciously received and entertained.

In a conversation Andre had with Landlord Morgan he expressed his pleasure at again being a guest of the Sun Inn. ⁵³Many years before, while passing through Nazareth and Bethlehem on his way to Philadelphia he said he had enjoyed its hospitality, a fact not generally known. Our landlord was greatly pleased with Andre's reference to his first visit to Bethlehem and with the compliments he paid him on the brilliant gathering he had so successfully brought together.

That the reception was a success was evident; there was no lack of movement or conversation among the guests, who very soon formed themselves into groups drawn together by the memory of old ties of friendship or of service in Colonial or Revolutionary days or by reason of kindred tastes and pursuits. This was shown in a little coterie aloof from the crowded space about Washington that was engaged in an animated and evidently enjoyable conversation. The character of the topics discussed may readily be

⁵²"A secret enemy, or in other words, a dangerous incendiary; in which character sooner or later this country will know General Conway." *Washington's letter to Gates, January 4, 1778.*

⁵³A MSS. Journal in the possession of the Pennsylvania Historical Society makes mention of Andre's journey through this section.



MAJOR JOHN ANDRE
From the original painting by Andre

guessed when we learn the personality of those composing the group. The most eminent of these was the astronomer and philosopher David Rittenhouse, and the others were Peter S. Du Ponceau for a long time the President of the American Philosophical Society; the Abbé Correa de Serra, Minister to the United States from Portugal, a member of the Royal Society of Lisbon and distinguished as a naturalist and linguist; Dr. John Schöpf the celebrated traveler and naturalist; Baron Hermelin the Swedish mineralogist; the Rev. Johan Augustus Milius, Chaplain to the Baron von Riedesel, a scholar with scientific tastes; the Chevalier Conrad Alexandre Gérard, the Minister from France to the United States, who was honored with the degree of LL. D. by Yale College; Don Juan de Miralles, a Spanish gentleman, a friend of the Chevalier Gerard; the Right Reverend John Ettwein, the Moravian Bishop; Joseph J. Mickley, the Antiquarian and First President of the American Numismatic Society; several of the professors from Lehigh University and Lafayette College; Asa Packer, builder of the Lehigh Valley Railroad and founder of the Lehigh University; President Joseph Willard of Harvard University; the Rev. William C. Reichel, the Moravian historian, and David Thomas, of Catsaqua, the founder of the iron industry in the United States with anthracite coal for fuel and the use of the hot blast for smelting iron ores.

The conversation was learned and manifestly of the greatest interest and withal interspersed with suggestions of trade and commerce. Dr. Schöpf was particularly anxious for information concerning the "pearl fisheries" of the Lehigh river, while Baron Hermelin had a great deal to say about the silver ores near Nazareth. Dr. Schöpf was very persistent in his inquiries after a deposit of agates, cornelians and other varieties of the mocco stone he had tried to locate many years before,

which he believed would be found in the Blue Mountains. The only thing that the Doctor could locate with definite certainty however was a rock on the other side of the Lehigh, cavities in which were filled with a fine yellow powder,⁶⁴ which was used in Bethlehem in lieu of "writing sand." When informed by the professors from Lehigh University that blotting paper had taken the place of writing-sand he was quite astonished and seemingly disappointed. He examined with great curiosity some of the blotters that Landlord Morgan presented him with later in the evening. The Baron and Dr. Schöpf were amazed when told that the iron ore, cement rock, and slate found in the Lehigh Valley had brought greater wealth to it than all the pearl fisheries of Ceylon ever produced or half the silver mines in the world. They were convinced of the truth of this statement the following day when Landlord Morgan took them over the Lehigh Valley in his airship. Charles M. Schwab, President of the Bethlehem Steel and Iron Company, who had been announced a few minutes before, was introduced to the scientific group by Mr. Albert Brodhead, the proprietor of the Sun Inn, and experienced the busiest half hour in his busy life, answering innumerable questions from all sides concerning iron, steel, armor plates, vanadium, manganese and zinc ores, bessemer processes, hot blasts, magnets and railroads. They were greatly impressed with the description given of the process of hardening steel armor plates by Messrs. George and Charles E. Pettinos of Bethlehem, who discovered and are supplying the material used in the operation.

While Mr. Schwab was explaining the technical processes of making steel armor plates, his audience was increased by the presence of Commodore John Barry, the Commander of the old Frigate, "United States," ranking officer of

⁶⁴See: "*Incidents of Travel through some of the Middle and Southern United States, etc., 1783 and 1784 by Dr. John Schoepf, Bayreuth, 1788.*" Vol. 1. p. 143.

the old Navy, who at once began another series of searching questions. It will be remembered that the Commodore superintended the building of his flagship of which he was very proud. He seemed quite skeptical for a time when told that battleships built entirely of steel plates a foot thick and weighing from 20,000 to 30,000 tons could float in sea water, carrying cannon, firing balls weighing half a ton and over to a distance of three miles and farther. He looked very quizzically at the Messrs. Schwab and Pettinos, when with an amused smile he inquired whether the Blarney stone had been stolen by some enterprising Pennsylvania German in recent times and set up in Bethlehem. A midnight ride in Mr. Schwab's automobile, (in itself a marvel to the ancient Commodore) to the steel works after the reception was over, quickly convinced him that naval architecture had undergone a decided change since he built the "United States" and that he would not have much show in a fight with a modern battleship. He was very quiet on the way back to the Inn; he realized that times had changed and that he belonged to another age—as he confidentially informed Washington whom he met on his return to the Inn. "Horseless carriages and ships without sails propelled with hot water" he said "are too much for my simple brain. Today while getting out of the way of a chap riding between two wheels hitched tandem fashion I was nearly demolished by an airship that came sailing down the street at the same time. I was told too that they talk now through solid wires for a hundred miles or more, and bottle up music like wine. You take out the cork and the music flows out in any tune you want. It is too much for me Your Excellency."

An incident of unusual interest was the greeting given by Washington to

Surveyor General Daniel Brodhead, brother of Garret Brodhead, the ancestor of Mr. Albert Brodhead, the proprietor of the Sun Inn. General Brodhead was among the most trusted of Washington's officers. The confidence he reposed in his ability and discretion was shown⁵⁵ in a conspicuous manner when he appointed him to succeed General Lachlan McIntosh as Commandant of Fort Pitt in 1778 and to undertake the chastisement of the Indians in the Western Country who had become a source of great annoyance, their hostility interfering greatly with his plans of operation in the east and south.

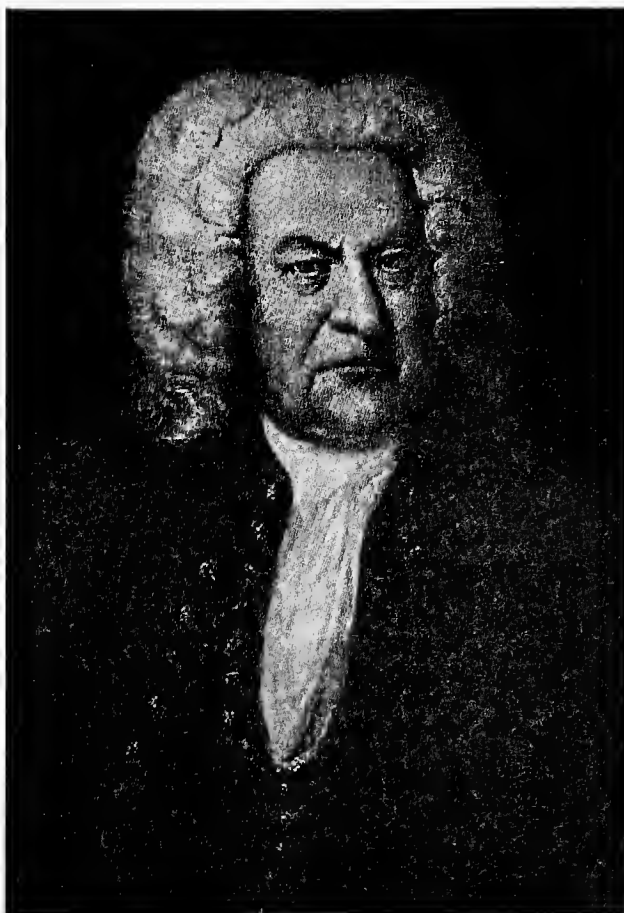
After a hearty handshake Washington said: "This is the most wonderful social affair of my life. I cannot turn in any direction without seeing some cherished friend, some officer whose ability and loyalty were of such vast service to their country in aiding me in my trying position as Commander-in-Chief of the army. Here I meet you most unexpectedly my dear General, also my valiant Sullivan and the faithful meritorious McIntosh, three of my best Indian fighters." Turning again to General Brodhead he continued: "I would have been in sore straits had you not so thoroughly chastised the Mingo and Muncy tribes on the Ohio giving them a lesson they did not forget during the rest of the war. My dear friend Sullivan here gave the same thorough punishment to the Six Nations, the memory of which their tribes will never forget. I needed every soldier in my operations against the British forces and could not afford to have them doing duty on the Indian frontiers. I have never forgotten your

with the superintendence and direction of affairs to the westward. I gave General McIntosh orders to make preparations. * * * * * Had General McIntosh come down, you would have been fully competent to carry on the preparations, but if you quit the post, I apprehend there will be no officer left of sufficient weight and ability. This is an opinion which I would wish you to keep to yourself, because I might give offence to officers in all other respects very worthy of the stations they fill."

Extracts from letter to Colonel Brodhead, from General Washington dated: Headquarters, Middle Brook, 5th March, 1779. This letter does not appear in any of the collected writings of Washington, and is in the possession of a descendant of General Brodhead.

See History of Northumberland Co., Pa. by Everts and Stewart, Philadelphia, 1876.

⁵⁵Sir: Brigadier General McIntosh having requested from Congress leave to retire from the command to the Westward, they have, by resolve of the 20th February, granted his request, and directed me to appoint an officer to succeed him. From my opinion of your abilities, your former acquaintance with the back country, and the knowledge you must have acquired upon this last tour of duty, I have appointed you to the command in preference to a stranger. * * * * * As soon as Congress had vested me



JOHANN SEBASTIAN BACH

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brilliant and effective services—and am very happy this night in being permitted to thank you again for all you accomplished and that I meet you here in company with Sullivan and McIntosh under the same roof. This is truly a wonderful affair—to me at least, meeting as I do so many of you gentlemen of the army. Here comes also my old friend Knox, good soldier and sound statesman as I always found him. Lewis too and Maxwell, and Armstrong and Woodford and the worthy Miffin, veterans all. It makes my heart glad to see you all here together.”

Attention was called to a distinguished looking group surrounding Benjamin Franklin engaged in spirited conversation. It was a reunion of the signers of the Declaration present this evening, among them George Walton, Lyman Hall, William Ellery, William Whipple, John Hancock and Charles Thomson “the Samuel Adams of Philadelphia” who should have been a signer, so great and patriotic were his services.

⁵⁶The portrait of Bach in this sketch is a reproduction of a recently discovered painting in the possession of Doctor Fritz Volbach, of Germany.

A startling interruption of the animated conversation took place in the midst of the group surrounding Major Andre as General Morgan suddenly gripping hard the arm of General Schuyler, exclaimed in awe stricken tones: "Good God! General! Look! Look! See that face at the window!—It is Arnold!—by all that is holy! What in Heaven's name has brought him here! The last place in all this great world to visit! Is he mad!"

There, true enough, was Benedict Arnold standing like a wraith close to the window wearing the uniform of a Major General in the Continental Army, his pallid face wearing such a look of sadness as but few men in all the centuries have worn; his eyes filled with an expression of intense suffering and longing. If ever remorse was seen personified, it was so in that silent figure at the window looking in upon the gallant company—many of whom in days gone by he had numbered among his warmest friends—chief of whom was Washington whose loyal faith and trust he so foully betrayed at West Point. He beheld here, not only former comrades whose friendship and admiration he had enjoyed, while battling for his native land, but also military foes whom he had opposed in gallant fashion, honored guests here this night, but who he knew would have spurned him had he claimed their fellowship in his new service. Of all mankind, he was the one man without a country—the one man denied the privilege of rejoicing in the success of the nation he had so freely shed his blood to found in the beginning of his career. Had he but suspected the great secret that lay in the womb of Time, the world would have been spared the reading of one of the saddest chapters of American history.

General Morgan in a voice filled with the accents of the deepest regret broke the stillness that had fallen like a spell upon the gathering as he exclaimed: "Had he but died at Saratoga all would have been well with him." Arnold, who seemed to have heard Morgan, turned to

him with grateful eyes whose flashes bore the same thought. With a great sigh that was heard by all he then faced Washington who had watched him with evident emotion, saluting him in the old way with the profoundest respect, and then wheeling quickly he vanished from the gaze of the astonished company.

The tremendous tension was broken, and the guests once more began to move about and converse. The subject of conversation for a long time however was the strange unheralded appearance of Arnold. Only two of all the company refrained from comments and these were General Gates and Major Andre, both linked for all time to the story of Arnold's shame—the one to a certain degree responsible for it, and the other the unhappy victim of it.

Much curiosity was evinced when Brother Albrecht announced in his most formal manner and with evident pride: "His Highness Maximilian, Fürst (Prince) von Wied; Bernhard, Herzog (Duke) Zu Sachsen-Weimar-Eisenach; die Gräfin (Countess) Benigna von Wattville; die Baronin (Baroness) Anna Dorothea von Wattville, und der hochgeborene Herr Pfarrer (Pastor) Johannes Christian Alexander von Schweinitz; also der Baron von Repsdorff." These were guests whose social standing appealed strongly to Brother Albrecht, who was something of an aristocrat. Once in a great while, when the occasion excused the reference, he would quietly speak of ancestors who dwelt in castles in the German land and who rode out to battle at the head of warlike retainers. Moravian that he was—a man of peace and humility—yet he could not quiet divest himself of family pride any more than could Count Zinzendorf. Fine family traditions are possessions worth having and living up to.

This accession to the company after paying their respects to Washington soon were heard earnestly conversing in the German tongue with Steuben, Kalb, the Riedesels, Dr. Schoepf, Heckewelder, the missionary, the Baron von Hermelin, and Captain David Ziegler, who had



CHIEF JUSTICE WILLIAM ALLEN
Founder of Allentown, Penna.

hastened to give them a cordial German *heimath* greeting.

As if to show in the strongest possible light the cosmopolitan character of this wonderful gathering Brother Albrecht was heard announcing in the French tongue: "le Chevalier de La Neuville; M. de La Balm; M. de Montmorenci le Marquis de Laval; la Comte de Custine de Sarreck; le Comte de St. Maine; le Comte de St. Victor; M. de Liancourt, le Duc de la Rochefoucauld," and, to cap the climax as well as to illustrate the revolutionary character of the age, the rise and fall of individual families as well as that of nations, he finished by announcing: "His Majesty Joseph Bonaparte, King of Spain."

The reception given to the German nobles was a mild affair when compared with that given to these illustrious Frenchmen. Several had served in the Revolution under Rochambeau—and all were intimately known to Lafayette who gave them the warmest greeting possible. In the Comte de Custine, the Baron Steuben recognized an old comrade in arms, who had served with him under Frederick the Great. They had much to say to each other—and many a thrilling incident of the Seven Years' War did they recount during the evening. Much tragic interest was attached to the career of Comte Custine as he was one of those who suffered on the guillotine during the Reign of Terror.

Barely had the distinguished Frenchmen mingled with the assembly when another Frenchman's name was announced, that of the Huguenot refugee from Picardy: Anthony Benezet—the intimate friend and confidant of Count Zinzendorf—of whom was said as he lay in his coffin in Philadelphia on the day of his funeral, by a Continental officer: "I would rather be Anthony Benezet in that coffin than General Washington with all his fame." The friendless and oppressed always found a friend and helper in Anthony Benezet, and it was not surprising therefore that he received the warmest greetings from all assembled. The French nobles were

proud of one who had brought fresh lustre and honor to the French name even though by one who had been exiled because of his religious belief differing from their own. Happier days had dawned for France; the curse of religious intolerance had been lifted forever, and exiles like Benezet were now honored as among the most distinguished of her sons. Washington and Lafayette showed him the greatest attention—for they had known him well in the days of travail and remembered many a generous deed.

The arrival was announced of Lord Montague, Royal Governor of South Carolina, and Lady Montague, accompanied by Sir John Sinclair, John Gardner, Esquire, Attorney General of St. Kitts in the West Indies and John Penn, the poet, son of Thomas Penn, whose affable, gentle nature made him a welcome guest wherever he went. Penn's poetical lines to Bethlehem and the Lehigh written many years before were recalled by the Sister Benade who asked him whether he still wooed the muse as of old.

There seemed no end to the arrival of noted guests—Brother Albrecht just having announced Benjamin Rush, Surgeon General; John Dickenson, whose timidity prevented him from signing the Declaration of Independence; Chancellor Robert Livingston, Minister to France, favorite of Napoleon, and to whom is due the cession of Louisiana; Bushrod Washington; Edmund Pendleton of Virginia, one of the ablest statesmen of the Revolutionary and Formative period of the nation, whose masterly arguments in favor of the adoption of the Constitution it would be well for some of our latter day statesmen to study. He said, it will be remembered, among other notable sayings: "There is no quarrel between government and liberty" and again: "It is a government of laws, and not of men." Sentiments like these expressed by him today would make him unpopular with a certain school of politicians who are busy in the endeavor to discredit our ancient charter of liberties.

Still later arrivals were the U. S. Senator Richard Brodhead, Governor Morris and Samuel Wharton, Esquire, the Philadelphia merchant who barely escaped hanging at the hands of the English authorities in England because of his friendship for Benjamin Franklin. "That was a close call your neck had old friend," exclaimed Franklin when they met later in the evening. "I shudder whenever I think of it."

Brother Albrecht had announced so many military officers during the evening that unconsciously he had assumed a military bearing which was observed by many of his old friends with much quiet amusement. It was quite pronounced as he ushered in General John Glover, Lord Sterling, Colonel William Augustine Washington, and the old veteran, General Edward Hand.

An announcement that created the greatest interest was that of Commodore Paul Jones, founder of the American Navy, who stepped into the drawing room leaning on the arm of Mr. John Fritz, of Bethlehem, one of the pioneer makers of armor plates for the great modern battleships. There was undoubted fitness and propriety in this escort of the great naval hero of the Revolution.

The revolt against England was unquestionably successful because of the victories on land by the military forces under Washington, and not because of any decisive naval battles. The victories on the seas of Barry and Jones however were brilliant exploits and no doubt did much to put heart into the struggling colonists in their long drawn out contest. The victories of Barry and Jones showed too the daring qualities of the American sailor and sea fighter and what might be expected of future generations of American seamen in time of war—a promise amply fulfilled in the War of 1812; in the war with the pirates of Tripoli; in our own Civil War, and the epoch making Spanish War.

So gallant a figure, one so truly a national hero could not long remain isolated in such a company where all were

familiar with his brilliant exploits on the high seas. None were more cordial in their greetings than Commodore Barry, whose generous Irish nature prompted him also to say: "Commodore, you have no doubt heard of the attempt that is being made at the present time to make me figure in American history as the founder of the American Navy, by a lot of belated Irishmen—recent arrivals—who are busy painting our history a bright Irish green. I have been confidentially informed that General Washington himself is to receive a thick coat of emerald. Some conchologist has discovered I hear that he had an Irish ancestress four or five thousand years ago. Just because I resigned as master of a trading ship in 1776 and accepted the command of the 'Lexington,' a bit of a cruiser, and was lucky enough to capture a British cockle-shell—the tender 'Edward,' a lot of wild Irishmen are trying to make me figure as a Napoleon in naval history. Nelson and Drake are 'not in it' with me as they say in this lively town of Bethlehem. Now I don't want you for a second to think that I approve of such talk. No sane man would say that any exploit of mine was at all comparable with the capture of the 'Serapis.' Now if I had commanded the 'Bon Homme Richard' I would have felt like pluming myself with feathers plucked from the bird of fame. I have always said that Congress did a shabby thing in not establishing the rank of a Rear Admiral and conferring that honor upon you—as they talked of doing—but Congress was guilty of some very peculiar things you know. You remember how near it came to taking the chief command away from Washington. Luckily a public man's reputation and achievements can with entire safety be left to the avenger Time."

Paul Jones, with that winning smile and courteous manner that made him such an enviable figure at the Court of Louis XVI replied with a laugh: "Commodore, you are taking these matters too seriously. In the language of a well known naval commander of the recent



HOUDON BUST OF JOHN PAUL JONES
From plaster cast in the Trocadero Museum, Paris

Spanish War: 'there is glory enough for everybody.' You accomplished great things—nothing that I know of was finer than your capture of the 'Atalanta' and the 'Trepassy.' By the way have you fully recovered from the wound you received on that occasion?"

Barry changed the subject by saying: "Come this way Commodore, I want you to hear about the wonderful new battle-ships built of steel with steel cannon firing steel balls weighing a thousand pounds a distance of five miles. With one ship like that either one of us could have sunk or captured every ship in the British Navy." Very quickly Charles M. Schwab, and John Fritz were seen busily drawing sketches and making explanations to these two redoubtable naval heroes—on whose faces amazement could be plainly seen.

The surgeons of the Continental Hospital also had their little gathering to recount their sad experiences at Bethlehem and elsewhere: Dr. William Shippen, Dr. John Morgan, Dr. Jackson, Dr. John Duffield, Dr. John Warren, brother of General Joseph Warren, the hero of Bunker Hill, and Dr. James Houston.

The chief magistrates of Pennsylvania were well represented in the persons of Governors James Hamilton, Richard and John Penn, and Thomas Mifflin and had much to discuss when they found themselves in unexpected convention. They were joined by Governor Davis of North Carolina, and by James Allen the founder of Allentown and the Huguenot, John Bayard a distinguished patriot of the Revolution. Colonel William Polk of North Carolina, Colonel Eliot, Col. John Bannister and Colonel Horsfield and James Lovell of Boston, member of the Continental Congress, and who was imprisoned by General Gage the British Commander at Boston in 1775, were among the belated guests of the evening but were received nevertheless right cordially. General Gage later in the evening apologized to Congressman Lovell for sending him to Halifax; "but you must blame your passionate devotion to the idea of 'Independence' which

you were aware I was sent to America to combat" he explained.

Among the guests who seemed nervous and discontented was the restless Frenchman, Brigadier General Roche de Fermoy who somehow proved unsuccessful as a soldier by reason of insubordination, and became much disliked by Washington in consequence. He was really responsible for St. Clair's unhappy experience at Ticonderoga.

When the evening had been far spent and the flow of conversation in the gallant company was at flood-tide and all invited guests had long since arrived, Brother Albrecht was heard above the babble as with a beaming countenance he announced in a ringing voice: "The worthy and venerable Herr Johann Sebastian Bach, Koenig von Musikland." There then stepped into the room, a blind old man, his head covered with a great wig, much like that of an English Chief Justice,—a face which once beheld never after forgotten; massive, noble features, almost stern, eyes in which shone the light of genius and about him the unmistakable air of a master. Bowing gracefully to the company, he addressed it with much dignity of speech and manner: "My friends" he said. "you will forgive I am sure the intrusion of an uninvited guest—a poor old musician whose whole life has been devoted to music, the composing of it as much as its interpretation, and who was simple enough to believe that he had written something that expressed, as nothing ever before by man, the glorious mission of music, when he composed his 57^B Minor Mass; who had hoped and prayed that he might be privileged to hear it sung as he had conceived it should be sung, before he had passed beyond this mortal life; to hear the 'Sanctus' sung by a devout and worthy chorus."

"That happiness was denied him in his old home in Germany, but not so in this

^{57B}"The mightiest Choral work ever written," *Parry's Life of Bach*, p. 307, G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

new and wonderful land where music is regarded as a rare gift of the Almighty and singers and composers are not treated as if they were ⁵⁸beggars, but as princes. We dwellers in the realm beyond the grave, know and hear things you dream not of. A great English master, one of the Immortals, whom I have met and who calls me 'brother' once said, as you will remember: 'there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in your philosophy.' 'Tis true! the blind see, the deaf hear; we live the life denied to us on earth; the soul expands and is in harmony with the majestic order of the universe. Think you that you can send a message across the seas on the winds of heaven as men do now and question our ability to hear such messages too; aye, and to send them also? Can you doubt our faculty to hear the music of mortals when our souls are attuned to the music of the spheres? 'There's not the smallest orb which thou beholdest, but in his motion like an angel sings, still quiring to the young eyed cherubins; such harmony is in immortal souls; but while this muddy vesture of decay doth grossly close it in we cannot hear.'"

"Ah, can you conceive with what emotion I have heard sung in this beautiful burg in your May Festivals, the music I composed when the Moravian Brethren first made this their home in the wilderness, a Pennsylvania Germany, where men are born free and equal. The singing was more than even I dared hoped for; your singers gave it qualities I dreamt not of. Your great ⁵⁹critic expressed all that I felt when he said: 'anything more inspiring than the delivery of *Cum Sancto Spiritu* in the *B Minor Mass* it would be impossible to conceive. It was magnificent in the vital throbbing of its beat, in the growth of its tone from beginning to end and in the breadth of its style. Such choral singing is indeed a privilege. It was a performance in which the sublimity of the music was perfectly disclosed.'



MRS. JOHN ADAMS

Believe me it brought tears of joy to my poor old blind eyes. I felt repaid for all my labor and its lack of appreciation in my own day. And this is why I am here tonight, that I might greet you all and thank you for the great honor you have done my memory in your splendid May Festivals and to wish you God speed in your devotion to music, for believe me it is the speech of happy souls on earth and in Heaven."

The commotion the presence and remarks of Bach created it is impossible to describe. To have among them the King of Music, the master, but for whose genius the famous May Musical Festivals of Bethlehem would be unheard of, was conceived to be almost as great an honor as the presence of Washington. To place the stamp of the greatest distinction upon the occasion, a memory to be treasured as a precious

⁵⁸*Parry's Life of Bach*, pp. 567-8, G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

⁵⁹W. J. Henderson in the *New York Times*.

thing, Professor J. Frederick Wolle the genius of the May Festivals approached Bach with the greatest reverence and begged him to play some of his favorite *clavier* compositions, sonatas, and arias for the company. Consenting most graciously Bach was escorted, leaning on the arm of Professor Wolle, to the grand piano, which excited his boundless wonder and admiration. All his work of this nature had been done on the ancient *clavier* with its primitive keyboard and other limitations, but such as it was, it did not hinder him from becoming the greatest pianist of his time.

This night he played as never before. The flood gates of music seemed to have opened and glorious melodies deluged player and listeners alike. Not only did he play his favorites of the long ago, but he improvised as he only could do, on theme after theme; one in particular holding the company's rapt attention. He caught the spirit of 1776, a most appropriate theme on such an evening and in the midst of such a gathering of the heroes of the Revolutionary struggle. He expressed in magnificent phrasing the pangs of a new born nation and its triumphant career to the present time.

The playing of Bach created an almost startling effect on the company, particularly so upon Washington and his old officers, who notwithstanding their lack of musical culture recognized the marvellous genius of the great composer. The German and French officers present were in raptures as they had more or less acquaintance with Bach's compositions, having received musical training in their younger days. The Baroness von Riedesel seemed transformed. She had approached the blind old master during his playing and hung on every note with intense emotion. While Bach was resting for a moment the Baroness whispered a request which brought a succession of smiles to his face, as nodding he at once graciously complied with it.

The atmosphere of the Inn began to thrill with music that brought every lady and gentleman to their feet; old and young, were quickly in the delightful mazes of the waltz, treading measures such as mortals never trod before, Washington dancing with the Baroness von Riedesel and Lafayette with Lady Washington. The poetry of motion was never before so beautifully demonstrated by so distinguished a company and surely never before under the spell of music such as that which Bach gave in unstinted measure and in the most wonderful rhythmic movements.

Landlord Morgan showed himself a paragon of the Terpsichorian art with Lady Greene as his first partner and with many others before the music ceased. The dancing ended with the stately minuet, a French dance very popular during the Colonial period in Europe and America, and frequently indulged in at the Court of Versailles during the reign of Louis XIV, that monarch often taking part in it. It is doubtful if the Court of Louis ever witnessed so noble a presentation of this aristocratic dance, led as it was by Washington in his grandest manner with Lady Schuyler as a partner. There too in the same company were General Morgan and Lady Washington, Lafayette and the Baroness von Riedesel, Richard Henry Lee and Lady Greene. In other sets were John Hancock and Lady Penn, Governor John Penn, and Mrs. Morgan, the mistress of the Sun Inn, Colonel Ethan Allen and Mrs. John Adams, Governor Morris and Mrs. Wade Hampton, Baron von Steuben and Miss Martha Washington Greene, General Brodhead and Lady Mifflin, destined to become the General's second wife, Albert Brodhead and Lady Allen.

Never before was the minuet danced to such music as given by Bach accompanied by the famous Trombone band, and never before or since was the minuet danced so gracefully or so naturally. "*Ach Gott! die Ameri-*



ANCIENT SEAL OF THE UNITAS FRATRUM

